

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

THE World has busied itself with regard to the domestic economy of SATURDAY NIGHT, and reports that the one whose name appears as the editor of this paper has acquired all the stock. As the transaction was a thoroughly proper one, the minority shareholders receiving full price for their shares, there is nothing to be said about it. If W. F. Maclean desires to get fussy over a discreditable transaction of a stock-getting sort he might give a list of the various people who have been stockholders in the World; how much they got for their shares, if anything; the circumstances under which he got the whole thing in his own hands, and his various adventures as a journalist strapping soliciting every belated enterprise he thought could not resist either his blandishments or abuse.

At the conclusion of his incomplete list of shareholders was the following paragraph:

Mr. Sheppard assured the World that he represents no one but himself in the deal. There was report that the SATURDAY NIGHT had become the property of a large newspaper-holding company, at the head of which is David Russell of Montreal. Mr. Russell was at the King Edward Hotel on the day the options on the stock were taken.

As the options were neither obtained nor the stock paid for on any particular day, Mr. Russell may have been at the King Edward during the period involved. As I do not know Mr. Russell and am unaware that I ever saw or spoke to him or had any communication with him, directly or indirectly, or with "the large newspaper-holding" concern, the innuendo is unfounded and unfair. I might as easily say that probably W. F. Maclean was in a dog-house when pups were born and infer therefrom that he is a cur, and while this would not be more unfair than the innuendo he has used, it might account for some of his disagreeable peculiarities difficult to account for in any other way.

The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT may rest assured that as long as my name appears as the editor of this paper I will be in control of it, that it will express nobody's views but my own unless my health makes a temporary absence necessary, and that it will be written, as heretofore, to the best of my ability for the public's benefit and my own. Hereafter this paper will be published by Saturday Night, Limited, while the general printing and publishing business will be carried on as heretofore by the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited. The division of the enterprises was rendered necessary, as a newspaper and general printing business need different management. I may say that I absolutely control both companies and only regret that busybodies have made it necessary to explain private and unimportant matters.

REFERRING to the rather half-hearted request of a rather poorly attended meeting of Conservative members of the Commons, held in Montreal, that Mr. R. L. Borden accept an Ontario seat and remain leader of the Conservative party, the Telegram says he "is a nice man but no leader," and concludes an unusually long editorial thus: "The opportunities which Mr. Borden has missed, the mistakes of the party under Mr. Borden's auspices, prove that Mr. Borden is not, and never was, and never will be, a leader." This somewhat rugged statement describes the situation, and Mr. Borden is wise in taking time to consider whether he will have a united and thoroughly organized party behind him, before he makes further sacrifices which may do no good. As a matter of fact, anyone accepting the leadership of a party without being convinced that he is able to lead it to success—that sort of success which is worth having—is not only uselessly sacrificing his energy but is unfairly handicapping the organization he desires to benefit. A deputization is reported to have recently called upon Mr. Whitney, requesting him to call upon Sir W. R. Meredith to leave the Bench and assist him in forming a Cabinet. The proposition appears to have been put to Mr. Whitney in a somewhat milder way, suggesting as it did that the greater man should be subordinate to the present leader. It would probably be difficult to get Chief Justice Meredith to re-enter politics on any terms, but it certainly would be impossible to induce him to take a subordinate place to Mr. Whitney. If Sir William Meredith were leader of the Opposition at the present time, or is leader at the next general election, I am convinced that so great is the public confidence in the Chief Justice that the Conservative victory would be overwhelming. Mr. Whitney does not inspire this confidence; like Mr. Borden, he is not a leader and never will be, and is only now standing next to success because he has so little deserved the promotion he expects. If he had deserved it more he would be Premier now; if he had deserved it less he would not be leader now. This unfortunate falling short of what is really required for the position has been an embarrassment to the country and to the Conservative party. Probably Mr. Whitney does not recognize this rather unpleasant condition of things; if he did, he would be the first one to ask Sir William Meredith to take his place. Sir William is undoubtedly the greatest municipal lawyer in this country, and had more to do with influencing legislation before his retirement from the Legislature than anyone in it. It is only since his retirement that monstrosities such as the Connors Bill have been forced on the statute books. The tone of our public life and electoral practices has been distinctly lowered since he left politics, and the people of this province, though they so persistently rejected him, are now in a humor to give him the place for which he is so eminently fitted. Sir Oliver Mowat came off the Bench, to the great benefit of the province, but it is perhaps too much to hope for Sir William to do the same at his time of life and after the somewhat numerous rebuffs he received at the hands of the electorate of Ontario.

CRIME waves are recognized as descriptive of a series of similar offences taking place in a zone where people have access to the same information and are more or less controlled by the same motives. Suicides, for instance, are not only likely to occur in succession, but the same means of self-destruction are frequently employed in all or the majority of cases in a series. If some dispirited person uses Paris green or rough-on-rats, others in a similar frame of mind employ the same drug for the purpose of self-destruction. It has also been noticed that a series of crime waves beginning with lesser offences and proceeding to those of greater degree are apt to have their beginning in something considered as no worse than a misdemeanor. In Canada we have been having not only a wave of electoral corruption, but a series of offences against the body politic, and these waves have with every election indicated more ambitious projects as well as more nefarious methods. Beginning with the insincerity of politicians and political newspapers, statements at first simply misleading, later developing into falsehood, and culminating in shameless propositions of subsidies and public works for constituencies, we have had in this country a primary education sufficient to prepare the baser section of the electorate to undertake projects of a still bolder and baser type. The purchasing of votes was a game at which both parties could play; it was expensive and was apt to result in costly litigation and the unseating of candidates. Still, it had its vogue. The party in power noticeably reverted to the old method of using the officers appointed to conduct elections for fraudulent manipulation of the ballots. Professional organizers skilled in ballot-switching, the handling of impersonators, plug-uglies and repeaters, came to the aid of dishonest officials and flourished immensely, as the court records of this province will show. West Hastings and Frontenac are now giving evidence of the introduction of bogus ballot-boxes intended to defeat the intentions of voters who thought their votes would be of influence in the selection of a candidate. The brazen boldness of the scheme indicated that its promoters either expected to be shielded in their operations or had reason to believe that public opinion had become so deadened and degraded that the discovery of their manipulations would create but a local and

ephemeral resentment. There is no other reasonable supposition upon which to go except that they were crazy.

The storm center of corruption at the last general election, however, appears to have been much nearer the zenith of our political sky. Unless we are being misled by sensational reports, a daring promoter of commercial enterprises had planned a huge bomb-throwing and general political explosion intended to overturn the Liberal party and rend the ship of state from stem to stern, leaving enormous spoils from the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific in the hands of the political anarchists, who had apparently expected to have the country in their hands, though nominally the Dominion was to be controlled by the Conservative party—a sort of sleeping partner, only partially innocent of the dirty details. Newspapers had been bought or bargained for, which were to throw bombs consisting of stories of scandalous malfeasance on the part of Ministers of the Crown who were to be arrested, and these scandals, circulated on the eve of nomination day, were to so "shock" a number of Liberal candidates that they were to retire from the contest, leaving their opponents to be elected by acclamation. The whole plan as reported was so stupendous in its reach and so monstrous from a moral point of view that one can hardly believe it could be entertained by so clever a man as the one who is accused of having prepared it, yet there are so many unexplained occurrences which corroborate the story, or at least have furnished the basis of it, that explanations and investigations are urgently in order. Hon. Mr. Blair's resignation from the chairmanship of the Railway Commission, reported to be a part of the conspiracy, was so untimely, sensational and unaccountable that the people who had honored and trusted the ex-Minister of Railways to so great an extent have a right to demand the fullest possible explanation of his remarkable conduct. If this explanation be not given or is not satisfactory, he will rank with Guy Fawkes as being concerned in one of the greatest political gunpowder plots of the age. Both he and Mr. David Russell deny any connection

common to a season of revival either political or religious. Altogether we are evidently in a bad way. The one who have passed as exceedingly clever are discovered to have based their plans on our being a pack of political imbeciles and moral degenerates. We have reason to examine ourselves to find out how far they are right in their estimate of our political acumen and moral obliquity; how far would this country have been fooled if the alleged plan had not miscarried, had not the whistle blown too soon and the bell been rung in the wrong place.

A man who plans a successful revolution is known to history as a patriot; the one who fails is cursed and hanged as a traitor. There are those who say that the Pacific scandal which furnished the explosion that put Sir John A. Macdonald out of business for one parliament was not so serious as it was made out to be; at any rate, it was condoned and the popular leader restored to his place. While Sir Wilfrid Laurier's conduct in treating the alleged conspirators with contempt showed unexpected strength, force and diplomacy, there are those who say that the present Grand Trunk Pacific Railway project is a house of cards for prospective scandals and that an explosion even now might do it good. It seems evident that these "explosions" are not always purifiers of the political atmosphere—that some of the exploders need exploding—but may presage a worse state of things than ever. Altogether, our politics are certainly in a beastly state and some of our shrewdest men take us for a bum lot, but it is to be hoped they are mistaken.

CONSIDERABLE argument is being indulged in by a couple of local papers as to the recent commutation of the death sentence of two men convicted of homicide. The Telegram boldly stated that it believed that Chartand, who shot Constable Irving, was saved from the gallows because he was a French Canadian. The other denies this, and claims that racial "pull" had nothing to do with it. The latter harps on the fact that "for more than fifty years it has

great influence during the many years of his principalship of Knox College, entitled his memorial tablet to the highest place we can give it. His part in the politics of the province and his lesser share in Dominion affairs can be better estimated by those who can better comprehend and appreciate his ideals, but it can be safely said that his steadfastness, his strength and his great power in guiding and his restraining was of infinite value to the State. In looking at the portraits which have been published of him one cannot but be struck with the similarity of face and pose of the late Principal to that of several of the great pontiffs of Rome. Like them, he has been a part of the history and constitution of historic church, jealous of doctrines but moderate and kindly in his interpretation, gifted as a diplomatist, sagacious as a leader, unconquerable as an opponent. As with some of the great pontiffs, his nature seemed to be a blending of piety and statecraft, and though I do not believe that the present age requires or is adapted to the methods naturally pursued by those thus constituted, I think we must all fully appreciate how much has been accomplished by the distinguished men who have helped both the Church and State ride steadily together as they have gradually sparred, each to attend to its share in the government and betterment of the world.

HON. J. M. GIBSON has been renominated for the Legislature in East Wellington, where he is anything but popular. One delegate resented Hon. Mr. Ross's telegram, "I want him very much," by saying that the convention rather than the Premier should nominate the candidate. Mr. Gibson, on the first ballot, received a bare majority, getting only 61 out of 119 votes. It may be all that the Globe paints him as a self-sacrificing statesman of wonderful ability, but from one end of this country to the other there is a feeling that Mr. Gibson stands for the corporations as against the people, and I confess I share this prejudice. As in this case, one may have the friendliest feeling for the man while distrusting and disliking his attitude on important public questions.

THE remarkable case of Adolf Beck, full particulars of which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT several months ago, has at last been reported on by the Judicial Committee appointed to investigate the circumstances responsible for the wrongful conviction and five years' imprisonment of the unfortunate Norwegian. Beck, it will be remembered, was the victim of legal prosecution and punishment for the crimes of another man, whom he did not in the least resemble, convicted under circumstances which seemed clearly to indicate that certain police officials, if not higher authorities, were engaged in a plot of deliberate persecution. At his first trial all evidence in his favor—evidence which clearly established the impossibility of his being the criminal whom the police were said to seek—was preemptorily ruled out by the judge as irrelevant. He was arrested as Adam Smith, and though a full description of Adam Smith was filed in the police records, the judge pronounced it immaterial whether he was Smith or not, and no comparison of Smith's and Beck's physical likenesses or handwriting was made. With his identity with Smith still unproven and uninvestigated he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment as Smith, and when, later, it was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that he could not be Smith, the authorities of the Home Office refused to release him until the full term for which he was sentenced was completed. The report of the committee places the chief responsibility for the shameful miscarriage of justice upon the trial judge, but also points out that if there had been a qualified lawyer connected with the Home Office, whose duty it should be to investigate cases of this kind, the facts would have been brought to the attention of the Under Secretary for Home Affairs and justice would probably have resulted. The report dismisses the contention that there was any conspiracy to convict an innocent man, and suggests that the whole affair was a muddle produced by lack of harmonious co-ordination between the various departments concerned. The report is by no means a whitewash, but it lets a number of persons guilty of at least pig-headed stupidity and seemingly criminal negligence down pretty easily. There can be little doubt that Beck's persecution was the result of a determination on the part of the police to arrest someone and secure a conviction that they might make themselves solid with their superiors by establishing their competence. There is altogether too much of that sort of thing going on right here in Canada. The police are indirectly rewarded for the promptness with which they make an arrest, and while in the majority of cases they get the right man, the practice tends to develop in the members of the force a stronger desire to get some man than to get the one man. It seems only natural that brilliant work on the part of an officer should be recognized, but it seems to me that discrimination should be employed in deciding what constitutes good work. If a policeman or a detective is to be rewarded whenever he succeeds in making a clever arrest, it seems reasonable that he should be reprimanded when he mistakes an innocent person for a criminal. It is fair that the rule should work either both ways or neither. At present there are too many indiscriminate arrests and consequent unsuccessful prosecutions.

RUSSIA evidently intends to follow, as far as possible, the same tricky and dishonorable policy in dealing with the North Sea outrage that she has employed in all international negotiations and disputes ever since the country became sufficiently civilized to take a hand in diplomacy. After making all sorts of promises to comply with the demands of Great Britain that the trouble be left to arbitration, every petty device is being employed to impede the progress of the negotiations. Though clear pledges were given that, in case the decision of the arbitrators should go against Russia, the persons guilty of the outrage would be punished, the *Novoe Vremya*, the organ of the Russian Government, repeats its declaration made immediately after the mishap that no question of the punishment of the officers found guilty could be entertained. It also states that the conduct of Admiral Rojestvensky and his fleet since they left the Baltic has been such as commands the hearty approval and respect of every Russian subject. It was just such wriggling as this that landed Russia in her present war with Japan. If the British Government has any backbone left these diplomatic handshakes will have to stop pretty soon or there will be urgent demands for an international post-mortem.

IN a recent number of *Truth*, the editor draws an interesting comparison between the Freemasons of England and the same order in France. "Freemasonry with us," says the English journal, "is a very harmless association of persons who like to do sport themselves in curious dress, to dine together and to indulge in solemnly repeating in their lodges a more or less ancient ritual. They have secret signs and a password by which they make themselves known to each other, and beyond a knowledge of the ritual (which very few of them really do know), they have no secrets. . . . The ritual consists of a long account of how a certain Hiram Abif, when employed in building Solomon's temple, was thrown down from a scaffold and killed by the fall, and the members of the lodge declare their regret for the untimely end of this mythical mason."

In France, however, according to *Truth*, the craft plays quite a different part. There are a good many officers in the French army who are secretly in favor of the re-establishing of a monarchy or an empire. These men the late French Minister of War was anxious to "spot," and it was through the Freemasons, it is claimed, that the spotting was done! It seems almost incredible to us that the members of a secret society should convert themselves into ministerial spies. In Canada, as in England, such a condition is unknown. True, we have societies almost filled with partisans of one color, but so far we have fortunately escaped a state of affairs that would permit of any of our societies being converted into a mere government machine, such as *Truth* hints exists in France.



LOADING UP FOR THE ELECTIONS.
Mr. Whitney isn't saying much these days, but—

tion with a scheme such as various papers have practically laid at their door, and in the meantime further comment on the details of the plot must be withheld.

If there was such a plot, Canada can congratulate itself upon its defeat, though we would be indeed foolish if we did not indulge in some self-examination as to what particular symptoms of idocy we as a people have displayed that would either lead a daring promoter to dream of producing a political revolution by the means outlined, or, on the other hand, induce a newspaper to ask the intelligence of this country to accept its story of the conspiracy. For some time after the first intimation of the trick ballot-boxes in West Hastings and Frontenac, the story was regarded as a workback, but it has been proven to be a much more serious matter. It seemed almost an insult to the intelligence of the country that any sane men could imagine they could carry so wild a plan to a successful completion. Such a plan was tried, however, and only failed because a man betrayed his brother, and I must confess that I have not discovered amongst all those who express horror of the criminal proposition, any great amount of sincerity. It is easy to express consternation and loathing; it is not so easy to feel these things after one's sensibilities have been deadened by the course of education we have been receiving from the platform and the press. The same may be said of the alleged Montreal cabal. It is easier to feel a certain half-ashamed admiration for the boldness of the scheme than to work up a genuine outburst of holy horror, for it was only an attempt to do on a large scale what at every election since I can remember has been tried with some success in a smaller way. It was simply a huge and utterly unscrupulous attempt to befool, bribe and swindle prospective legislators and dough-headed electors. It seems to me we have got away past feeling genuine horror of these things—past even feeling thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for having become so hardened. In the depth of our cynicism we are apt to doubt the sincerity of those who make even the loudest outcry, and to wonder whether we in our callousness are any better or worse than the average elector. How can we trust the editorial declamation printed on the same sheet with a palpably swindling advertisement? How can moral fruit and noxious weeds grow in the same ground tilled by the same hand and watered by the same pious tears? We know our politicians have been altogether too closely in league with ballot-stuffers and have been the beneficiaries of electoral swindles; it is consequently hard to believe that they are suffering superlative agonies over the discovery of an alleged infamy a few sizes larger than the ones to which they are used. The Pulpit, too, which has been a silent spectator of all the bad performances in our politics, is open to the suspicion of only indulging in hysterical superlatives

been the British practice never to reject a merciful recommendation made by the trial judge in a capital case," and as this was done in the Charrand instance the Minister of Justice was quite right in commuting the sentence. What grounds there may be for believing that racial influence had anything to do with the clemency exercised I do not know, and it really doesn't matter to the argument in an instance where death was so richly deserved. Charrand shot the constable while trying to escape, but it is claimed that the first two shots were not intended to hit him, merely to "bluff" him, and that the fatal effect of the third was not intentional. This sort of argument is utter rubbish. A criminal armed with a loaded revolver, according to this doctrine, would be justified in shooting to maim as well as to frighten; and while shooting to wound, if he killed a constable the murder should be leniently punished as being partially accidental. As the newspaper criticizing Charrand's commutation of sentence pointed out, it was not proved that Rice either fired the shot that killed Constable Boyd or that he even had hold of the revolver that inflicted the death wound, but it was shown that he was in the conspiracy to obtain the deadly weapons and to effect his escape, no matter who was killed in the attempt. We cannot afford to let criminals shoot our constables nor to deal leniently with them when they inflict serious bodily damage. The strength of our police system consists in the belief of criminals that any damage done to an officer will be promptly punished with the utmost severity. Moreover, it is economically and sentimentally a mistake to put a man in prison for life instead of putting him to death. Life is no good to a prisoner undergoing an interminable sentence; he is an expense to the community and a curse to himself. According to divine law as well as human law he should pay the penalty of taking life by forfeiting his own, and we cannot afford to make it harder to police this country than it is or to weaken the respect in which law is held. In the United States during the three years of the Boer War, it was recently stated, there were 32,000 homicides—a greater number of deaths than resulted to British soldiers in that time. The most of these went unpunished. Truly a horrible record and one which should discourage our Justice Department from pardoning murderers of whose guilt there is no doubt.

THE death of Principal William Caven last week left vacant the great place he occupied in the history of the Canadian community and the Presbyterian Church. Nothing can be said of the eulogies which have been spoken over the hier of this distinguished man. His large part in the union of the Presbyterian bodies in Canada, his occupancy of the highest office in the Pan-Presbyterian Council, and his

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More Letters from Lithia.

MY DEAR PAL,—I am sorry to hear you have been fighting. It isn't at all lady-like, and you really shouldn't do it. Now and again, I admit, I have had a little bit of a swing around myself; but, then, I have had a husband to manage in my time. Besides, if I permit myself to go it a little on exceptional occasions, the affair is very brief.



"I think my new young man is all right."

Now and again at a social gathering a lady has spoken harshly to me, and I have dropped her a left-hander in a friendly way just to remind her that the social conventions ought to be respected at all times. But it has never amounted to what you would call a fight, as after the first minute or so there has been nothing left of the other lady to hit back. She has either crawled away or been carried off by her friends, and the harmony of the proceedings has been resumed. I don't see that you can do very much with your swollen eye except bathe it and keep cool; and as you have always worn your hair over your ears, nobody need know that your right ear has been bitten off without your permission. I have never heard of ears growing again, and I should not advise you

and the elopement was nipped in the bud, as you might say. The young man was very polite to Pa, and we think he will do. He offered Pa his giant lizard as a sort of keepsake, and said he would call later on in the day with the usual references and a certificate of good conduct from his Sunday school teacher. While he was gone Pa tied the lizard up in the shed where we used to keep our mammoth, but the timid creature wanted more managing than Pa could give it. Every time it wagged its huge tail it chipped a piece out of the side of the house; and Pa said if the stranger likes to whistle his little keepsake back again, he should never miss it. Once during its playful excesses its tail caught Pa a little clipper in the back and shot him clean out of the garden and half way down the street. A little



"He put out his foot and took a step forward on—nothing."

to wait on the chance of such a thing happening in your case. The least the other lady might have done would have been to give you back your ear after the trouble was over. It can be of no use to her, and you might have liked to keep it as a little memento of the occasion. As to her invitation that you should call at her house and fetch it, I should advise you to ignore the suggestion entirely. You might get some more of your face bitten off, and there is, as far as I am aware, no nice way of dressing the hair so as to conceal the

thing like that always makes Pa angry. Poor man, he never can take a joke. I think he must be getting a little old and crotchety. So I ran after the stranger and asked him to come and remove the little pet, as it wanted more room to move around than our premises could afford it. When the stranger came back with his references in the afternoon Pa said they were quite satisfactory. The young man's name, it appears, is Adolphoraurostion, but he said I could call him Dolly for short. Pa borrowed

a trifle from him till Saturday, just, as he said, to show that he had confidence in the financial stability of his daughter's future husband, and then we made up a party and went to inspect my new home. Just as we were starting out, another young man came up, and Pa said he was awfully sorry, but he had forgotten that he had already promised this other young man that he might marry me. I was really going to make a disturbance about it, as I never heard of such a scandalous bit of business. I told Pa right out that if we hadn't had company present I would have punched him in the neck for his offensive behavior. Dolly, however, winked his eye at me and whispered that you could often arrange matters by diplomacy when force was of no avail. He went up to the other young man and shook hands with him, and said he was awfully pleased he had joined our party, as we were just getting up a little game of blind man's buff. The stranger, deceived a little by the heartiness of his welcome, agreed at once to Dolly's suggestion that he should be the first to be blindfolded, and Dolly tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and then winked at me again. Then Dolly led the stranger to the edge of a little precipice, a matter of two thousand odd feet deep, and told him to turn round three times and then make a dash for us. In the simple greenness of his mind the stranger turned accordingly. Then he put out his foot and took a step forward on—nothing. My dear, I haven't laughed so much since the day Pa fell off the roof and killed a total stranger who was passing along the street on his way to business. The young man simply walked, as you might say, off the earth, and we couldn't even hear him drop. There was a bit of a swish as he cut through the air, but if it hadn't been for that nobody would have known that anything unusual was taking place. Dolly has got quite a nice little house. It is hidden away in the rocks so that he doesn't have to spend half his time fighting trespassers off the grass. Pa liked it so much that he said he had half a mind to bring Ma there, so that we could all live together at Dolly's expense. Dolly replied, however, that he wasn't a greedy young man, and he didn't really ask for so much luxury all at once. He said that if I liked the place we would call it a go, and then he sent Pa home, explaining that two's company and three's none. He promised to bring me back in time for supper, and Pa had to let it go at that. I think my new young man is all right, my dear. Our tastes seem to be so much alike. I thought it was perfectly lovely when he kissed me on the back of the neck, and I felt his heavy mustache tickling my ears. I think I have really found my fate this time, my dear. Anyhow, I'm going to risk it. We are to be married to-morrow, and I'll be sure and let you know how the ceremony goes off. Your loving friend,
LITHIA.

—Pick-me-up.

A Suggestion for Christmas Shoppers.

It is a safe rule to follow when buying Christmas presents for men, that nothing is quite so acceptable to the average gentleman as something in the smoking line. But it's not safe for ladies to buy such goods in the first cigar store they come to, lest they be persuaded into buying such goods as the joke-writers have in mind in their time-worn references to "the cigars my wife gave me." Better drop in at Goldstein's, 82 Yonge street, and be advised there, by those who know what fastidious smokers are sure to appreciate in the way of cigars, pipes, or other things for smokers.

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When you find your Hair becoming lifeless and falling out, before experimenting with so-called hair tonics, think a minute. Something is causing the trouble and you should find out what it is and how to remove it.

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Removed by the New Principle

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It is better than electricity, because it does not sear or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, sear or paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. DE MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

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Our booklet—the most complete treatise on Superfluous Hair ever published—containing the testimonials of numerous physicians and surgeons and those of hundreds of others—will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Write for it to-day to DE MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, or THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

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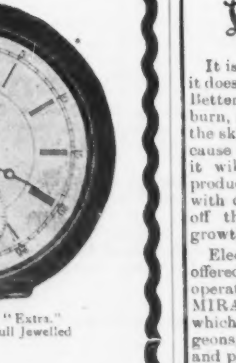


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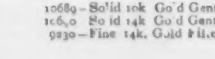
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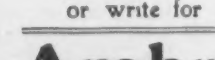
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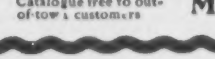
\$1130—Fine Diamonds and Sapphire. \$54.00



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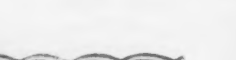
\$1133—Fine Diamonds and Sapphire. \$54.00



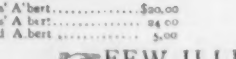
\$1134—Fine Diamonds and Sapphire. \$54.00



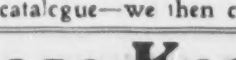
\$1135—Three Fine Diamonds. \$235.00



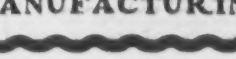
\$1136—Two Fine Diamonds and Whole Pearl. \$125.00



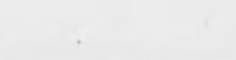
\$1137—Fine Quality Tiffany Setting. \$35.00



\$1138—Fine Quality Tiffany Setting. \$60.00



\$1139—Fine Quality Tiffany Setting. \$60.00



\$1140—Fine Quality Tiffany Setting. \$60.00

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Catalogue free to out-of-town customers.

Brass!!!

One does not generally look for "Brass" goods in a high-class jewelry house—when you see these, however, you will not wonder at it.

They are "Brass" nevertheless—pure and simple—yes, common, everyday "Brass"—the designs, however, are far from being "common and everyday"—so artistic, so unique are they that they need offer no apology for being in "Diamond Hall" company.

Many of them are reproductions of museum pieces in Europe—heavy and massive, with beautiful designs cast in "relief" of antique finish—their positions being carefully burnished.

The following library goods are unique—in a class by themselves:

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From \$2.50 to \$10 per pair.

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From \$2.50 to \$12.00 each.

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From \$1.50 to \$4.00 each.

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From \$4.00 to \$5.00 each.

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Our collection of tea-sets is one of the very largest in Canada. The designs too are thoroughly artistic, with the quality the best of course. One pattern with a plain, bright background, surmounted with leaves, flowers and stem of grey is strikingly handsome. We just ask you to examine them. Prices run from about \$25 to \$500.

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Jas. D. Bailey, 75 Yonge Street,
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Social and Personal.

The Chamberlain Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, will hold an evening meeting next Tuesday, December 13, in Confederation Life Building, at eight o'clock, at which Mr. Frank Yeigh will read a paper on Canadian proceedings in Hudson Bay, after which the members intend visiting the Picture Loan Exhibition. The Chamberlain Chapter is an up-to-date organization, and has secured a clever lecturer on an interesting topic.

The audience which greeted Melba, a subdued but very enchanting Melba, on Monday night heard several of the sweetest things that ever delighted a Massey Hall audience. What they didn't hear was the opinion of some who were ashamed of the persistence of the greedy *encore* fiends, who refused to abate their clamor until the artist sang, with evident effort, a time-worn little ditty, *Comin' Thro' the Rye*. Melba was plainly suffering from some throat trouble and wore a high gown, a regal enough affair of heavy white lace, on which gleamed a necklace and clasps of magnificent diamonds. A huge shaft of white mums and violets was handed to her. The concert was an hour and a half long, an agreeable change from the overladen *Ysaye* evening, and the attendance was huge and smart. I noticed, beside the gubernatorial party, who were in their usual seats, a couple of box parties, and quite a goodly number of people from Hamilton and even farther away. Mrs. and Miss Gibson, Mrs. Hill house Brown and Mrs. Braithwaite of Hamilton, and Mrs. R. McCulloch of Galt were among the outsiders at the concert. A few others were Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Strath, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. Albert and the Misses Gladys and Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Cox and Miss Hilda Reid, the Misses Grace and Hilda Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, the house party from Craigleigh, Mr. Macklen, Mrs. Polson and Miss Michie, Dr. James D. Thorburn, Miss Norah Sankey, Professor de Champ, Mr. Wilkie, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Knox Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Marks of Port Arthur, Miss Hughes, Mr. Hawes, the Misses McCutcheon, Mrs. and Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mrs. John Laidlaw, Miss Laidlaw. There were the usual pretty groups from the ladies' colleges. A lot of juveniles from Haverhill, with the older pupils, had a glorious time, Miss Phyllis Nordheimer and a wee girl friend, in huge white ribbon bows, being enthusiasts.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are giving an At Home this afternoon in honor of the Conservatory staff, in Dr. Fisher's studio, and have invited many of our own and their teachers' friends, from five to half-past six o'clock.

Lieutenant-Colonel Williams' horse fell with him the other day and injured his rider's knee, but I am glad to note not so seriously as the papers reported.

Major Nelles has been away for a fortnight at Kingston.

The sad and sudden death of Mr. John Foy was a great shock to those who saw him only last week at the St. Andrew's ball, for, though looking a not very strong man at that time, no one had any idea that bereft another of his life. He had joined the great majority. Very sincere is the sympathy offered to his wife and family in their unexpected bereavement.

Friends are sorry not to receive better accounts of Mr. Henry Cawthra's health. Miss Grace Cawthra was laid up this week with a severe cold.

Mrs. Burnham's tea for her daughter's *début* was one of the most pleasant of the season, though "crush" would not be the word had not the guests remained packed in the tea-room and hall when there was plenty of room elsewhere, the Burnhams' home being quite spacious. It was a tea noted not only for the grace and sweetness of the *débutante*, but for the very attractive corps of waitresses, recruited from her girl friends and *débutantes* of this or last season, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Hattie Greening of Hamilton, the Misses Heron, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, Miss Smith of Port Hope, a cousin of Miss Burnham; Miss VanderSmissen, the Misses Galt, Miss Perry of Regina, daughter of the Commissioner of the N. W. M. P.; Miss Wilson, Miss Chapman of Colborne Lodge, Miss Blair Burrows and Miss Carolyn Jarvis being in the dining-room. Mrs. Sydney Smith, grandmother of the *débutante*, and Miss Stennet, her grand-aunt, were seated on their sofa in one of the drawing-rooms, and their friends paid them little visits, which the dowager and her sister enjoyed very much. The *débutante* wore a very pretty dress of the fashionable *point d'esprit* and carried pink roses and a posy of violets and lily of the valley, and Mrs. Burnham was in black chiffon with velvet *aplique*. The decorations of the tea-table were many pink roses in a center vase and smaller vases of cut glass. Among the guests were the Misses Mortimer Clark, who very cordially wished the *débutante* a happy winter, Mrs. and Miss Swaceman, Mrs. C. A. Temple, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sweny of Holland, Mrs. J. I. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. Osmund and Miss Cayley, Miss M. Cayley, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Kendrick, Mrs. Baines, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. A. Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Armour, Mrs. G. P. and Miss Reid, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Murray Macfarlane, Miss MacMurchy, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. G. Biggar, Mrs. Cody, Miss DesBarres, Miss Evelyn Cameron, the Misses E. and M. Ridout, the Misses Morrison, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd, Mrs. Castle and Mrs. Holliver of Vancouver, Mrs. Burton Smith, Mrs. and Miss Larratt Smith, Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Gerard Strath, Mrs. and Miss Keating and their guest, Miss Worsley of Halifax; Miss Hamilton, Mrs. H. Jarvis, Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. and Miss Egerton Eyers, Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. and the Misses Sylvester and their guest, Miss Joyce; Mrs. Macchell, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick.

Mrs. Andrew Darling went to visit her parents in New York last Wednesday. Mr. Darling will go down later and both expect to be back in their pretty flat at Sussex Court for Christmas.

Major and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong of Guelph, Ontario, are spending the winter in town with their daughter, Mrs. Martin, of 260 Crawford street.

The engagement of Miss Kathleen Taylor-Massey, sister of Mrs. Ross Gooderham, and Mr. J. Wright Brown of New York, is announced. Mr. Brown is a son of the well known banker, Mr. Waldron T. Brown, and Miss Massey is a former Torontonian who has many friends who send her hearty good wishes, and to her *fiancé* sincere congratulations.

The engagement of Miss Emma Silverthorne and Dr. C. A. Kennedy is announced.

The Provost of Trinity and his cousin, Mr. Sutherland Macklem, are leaving immediately for a month in Jamaica. The Provost returns home then, and Mr. Macklem will probably remain in Cuba and elsewhere in the South until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney and Miss Violet Gooderham have gone to California for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees left this week for a six months' tour, and will visit Egypt during their travels.

Mrs. Weston Brock received at her apartment in the St. George on Tuesday and Wednesday, and had heaps of callers. Mr. and Mrs. Brock were fortunate in securing so pleasant and pretty a flat, and all their friends enjoyed the brief visits which are the ceremonious welcome to them since their marriage. The hostess wore a very sweet and dainty gown of pale grey, with white lace, and was assisted by Miss Gilmour and Mrs. Brown, and two pretty young girls, Miss Norah Casey and Miss Gladys Burton, took charge of the dainty little tea-table, which was prettily arranged with lights and flowers, and worked centerpiece and doyleys. Mrs. Brock will not receive again until next year, on a date to be announced later.

P. P. C. cards from Mrs. Bickford have reached her friends this week. An interesting event is due shortly at Oxford, where the Oscar Bickfords have settled.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Greville Harston had a few friends to meet Mrs. Newton, an English lady, who arrived

here on Saturday for a visit of some months, and whose son has already made lots of friends in Toronto. Mrs. Newton quite won the hearts of those fortunate enough to have this early opportunity of making her acquaintance. She is stopping at the King Edward.

Sir Adolphe and Miss Alice Caron spent a few days in town last week and were at the King Edward. Miss Caron particularly enjoyed Mr. Tripp's playing at the *soirée musicale* on Thursday night, as well as the singing of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robinson. Mrs. Robinson looked as pretty as a picture, and, though suffering from tonsillitis, managed to sing exceedingly well. Mr. Robinson was in fine voice. It was particularly kind of this clever pair to find time to pay a visit to the Strolling Players next day (Friday), and I am awaiting their verdict upon Mlle. Toronto's "darling tea-house." Mr. Robinson was good enough to sing a group of songs for the Players and some of their friends, a treat they much appreciated. The audience at the *soirée musicale* was very artistic and enjoyable affairs, it being large and smart.

Never has the jocund Gym gathered within its walls a more beautiful collection of Canada's maiden youth than it held on Wednesday night, when the Rugby dance, which has taken the place of the conversat, for the young set, was on. From the type of exuberant young womanhood, which found perfect examples in such fine girls as Miss Urquhart, Miss Weir and Miss Cory, three veritable Hebes, to the dainty little maids in their coming-out year, like Miss Sylvester, Miss Ross and Miss Gordon, or the clever, studious-looking girls with intellectual brows and clear grave eyes, there was an endless succession of attractive femininity, and, as always at "Varsity" dances, there was an abundance of ready-made humanity to fall prostrate before Beauty's throne. Here and there a time-hardened professor of something abstruse pointed out this or that belle as his most promising student, though it was hard to associate the "isms" and "ologies" with the radiant faces and tripping footsteps as the student is floated by in the dance. About nine o'clock the *quadrille d'honneur* was formed, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, seated on a divan, watching their second daughter, Miss Elise Clark, open the ball with Mr. Baldwin. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a handsome brocade gown with lace and jewels. Miss Elise Clark was in white satin. Mrs. Loudon, who danced with Dr. Wood, wore a pale bluish grey brocade with deep folds of lace from the elbow sleeves, and a full skirted skirt. Mrs. Byron E. Walker, in pale fawn, with fine white lace, danced with Mr. Boyd. Mrs. Ramsay Wright, in black with *point-létes*, and a touch of crimson, danced with Mr. Henderson; Mrs. Sweny, in pale blue, with Mr. Williams; Mrs. J. Louise Macdonald, looking very sweet in a light brocade, with Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C.; Mrs. McCarly, in black with pink roses, with Professor McGregor Young, and Mrs. Baker, in primrose silk with white lace bertha, with Mr. Sherry. The *quadrille d'honneur*, even with many dancers who are perfectly acquainted with a plain set of Lancers, became, as usual, a complicated mix-up, which was so funny to the participants as to the lookers-on. How is it that a formal opening dance, even when carefully roped off from the maddening crowd, cannot be danced by rule and rote, but seems to be conducted on independent impulse and with utter oblivion of time? The very funniest freak in figures I have seen for some time occurred at the State Ball at Ottawa this year, when, at any time the perpetrators were at a loss, it seemed the popular practice to herd all the ladies into a bunch, while the grave and distinguished men folks joined hands and capered around them! We haven't reached that development here yet, but I humbly present it (as a harmless variety from the Toronto confusion) to the consideration of the participants in coming *quadrilles d'honneur*. The Gym was decorated with flags and bunting and novel arrangements of red and white diamonds filled the easterly end. Supper was served at 10.30 to the guests of honor, and this early hour quite did away with the usual jam on the stairway, for the crowd did not seem to be hungry so soon and dropped in by half-dozens and supped in great comfort. The patronesses had a very nice boudoir arranged for their tiring-room, and the table of honor at supper, as well as all the other tables, was decorated smartly. The supper was excellent—much better than usual, someone remarked. One might gather from these details that the Rugby dance of 1904 was a good one. A few of the belles were Miss Blanche Christie in pale green and silver; Miss Gordon in white *point d'esprit*; Miss Weir in *cerise*; Miss Sylvester in pink, Miss Annie Michie and Miss Archie Towner in black, Miss McGill in shell pink, Miss Urquhart in white silk, Miss Cory in pastel blue, Miss Edwards in white, Miss Ruby Reynolds in white satin, Miss Lois Duggan in white Japanese silk, Miss Mabel Ross in pale blue, Miss Mason in du. l. blue with white lace and pink flowers, Miss Loudon in pale green gauze, Miss Alice Kentland in pale blue and white lace, Miss McLean in white silk and lace, Miss Dorothy Cross in her *débutante* frock, Miss Isabel Robertson in white silk with pink roses in her *coiffure*. The men were mostly "Varsity" students, and a few of the others were Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. James Merrick, Captain Le Dac, Mr. Morgan Jellett, Dr. Hardy, Dr. Davies. The orchestra played some extraordinary Oriental music, which went capitolly for the giddy two-steps.

At Home Days.

Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Government House, Dec. 22.
Mrs. Hugh Gunn, 80 College, 2 and 3 Tuesdays.
Mrs. Charles Maughan, 240 College, Tuesdays after Jan. 1.
Mrs. Donald Deeks, Miss Edith Ritchie, Alexandra, 1 and 2 Wednesdays.
Mrs. G. A. Howell, Indian road, January 7.
Mrs. Tessel, Alexandra, 1 and 2 Wednesdays.
Mrs. P. Hickey, 665 Spadina ave., 1 and 2 Tuesdays.
Mrs. G. W. Watts, 1 Beaumont rd., 1 Monday and Tuesday.
Mrs. Charles Duff Scott, 615 Huron, 1 and 3 Fridays.
Mrs. A. J. Husband, 665 Spadina, 1 and 2 Thursdays.
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, 435 Indian rd., Saturdays.
Mrs. Adam Beatty, 201 Bloor east, 1 Monday.
Mrs. William Doole, 20 Willock, 2 and 4 Tuesdays.
Mrs. C. A. Withers, 150 Winchester, 2 and 4 Thursdays.
Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Sherbourne st., 2 Monday and Thursday.
Mrs. Franklin Dawson, Spadina ave., Jan. 12.
Mrs. Gunther, Pine Hill rd., Jan. 21.
Mrs. J. H. Wickett, 431 Sumach, Dec. 12 (post-nuptial).
Mrs. R. F. Scott, Rosedale rd., Tuesdays, 1905.
Mrs. John Rose, Howland ave., 1 and 3 Fridays, 1905.
Mrs. Kinnear, 167 Spadina rd., 1 and 2 Fridays.
Mrs. C. D. McIlroy, Rossin House, 1 Friday.
Mrs. Arthur Clute, 392 Brunswick ave., 1 and 3 Friday.
Mrs. J. Stewart Lundy, 274 Berkeley, 2 Thursdays.
Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Tannenheim, January 9.
Mrs. Elliott Browne, 85 Beatty ave., December 15, 22, 29.

Some Lovely Gifts I've Seen.

THINK Santa Claus has an eye to doing handsomely by some people this Christmas, and some of the most beautiful gifts that will be a part of the Yuletide cheer are going to be furs—some to be far jackets; some to be long, luxurious and comfortable fur-lined cloaks; some others will receive sets, and so on and so on—and it's really wonderful how much money the donors are willing to spend to insure goodness. I heard of one order at Fairweather's for a Russian sable set that will go over the three thousand mark. No, I can't tell you who is to be the fortunate one in this particular case. It's a secret that, being a woman, I am compelled to keep. Then I have heard of seal jackets all the way from two hundred and fifty dollars to three times that amount, that are amongst the fur gifts going. I couldn't count on my fingers and toes the number of fine mink sets and Hudson Bay sable sets and pretty ermine and chinchilla stoles and ties and muffs that have been put by to be delivered just in time to get into the expectant "stockings."

I could not help saying to myself, well, these people have chosen wisely in selecting such lovely comforts to give, and that they had chosen well in going to "a famous fur store" where one can have such absolute confidence that what they've purchased bears the hall-mark of quality and thus add pleasure to the giving, for these Fairweather people are exceedingly scrupulous from the standpoint of quality and style that in making presents of furs made by them one is just about bound to be held in "everlasting remembrance" by the recipient.

After all, could anything be nicer to give or more pleasing to receive than something in furs? I trow not, and if you would take the time to visit the showrooms you would become just as fascinated with the idea as I am that furs make the nicest of Christmas boxes.

CODOU'S Macaroni

Best dealers sell this

Made only from the finest
Tangarog Russian Wheat
The ONLY wheat from
which the finest quality
of macaroni can be
made.



Cowan's

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE

Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Milk Chocolate

These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO.

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Diamond Aigrette and Star. \$575.00	A Ladies' Gold Chavelline Watch paved with 84 Fine Diamonds. \$665.00	Diamond Sunburst. \$275.00
Three Fine Diamonds in an 18k. Ring. \$480.00	Onal, Olivine and Diamond Ring. \$240.00	
Single Diamond in 18k. Ring. \$300.00	Crescent of Diamonds. \$235.00	
Twin Diamonds in Ring. \$275.00	Diamond and Pearl paved Watch. \$200.00	
Diamond and Opal Ring. \$80.00	Diamond Horseshoe Brooch. \$100.00	
Diamond and Amethyst Brooch. \$70.00	Two Diamonds and Sapphire Ring. \$100.00	
Diamond and Sapphire Scarf Pin. \$68.00		

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It sets the circulation bounding to the extremities, gives a feeling of vigor and exhilaration to the system, stimulates the liver, assists the kidneys and cures colds and rheumatism. A course of Turkish Baths at Cook's is better than medicine.

Cosy cooling rooms, quiet sleeping accommodations, dainty bill of fare, modern and scientific throughout. Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

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MANICURING AND CHIROPY
For ladies, gentlemen and children. Cuts, shaves, ingrowing nails and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments Main 6116.
166 King St. West (Opposite Prisoner Theatre)

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Jarvis Street, above Wilton Avenue.
Sunday morning service at eleven o'clock.
Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A. Subject "Something Better than Creeds."
Sunday evening service at seven o'clock.
The third of a series of lectures on "The Occident and the Orient—Their Gifts to the World."
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Sunday School at 2 a.m.
A cordial invitation extended to all—sent free.
Unitarian literature may be had, free, on application to Mrs. Thompson, No. 308 Jarvis Street.

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Ebony goods, leather and plush cases.
Chocolates and bon-bons in fancy boxes from ten cents to ten dollars each.
Prescriptions our specialty.
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The Nordheimer Piano AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED
18 King Street East, Toronto

Michie's 70th Christmas



Michie's Mirth-Making Crackers will carry joyous amusement and good humor into every Christmas gathering.

No present will give a little child more genuine enjoyment than one of Michie's ready-filled Christmas stockings.

Groceries

These have their daily claim upon the attention of the housekeeper, and Christmas but emphasizes the surpassing merits of Michie's for Quality, Quantity, Variety and Value.

Making the Pudding

And the mincemeat, call for the best ingredients, almonds, raisins, peels, currants, spices, etc.

"If it's from Michie's it's Good—"

Plum Pudding—ready made

Franco American, per tin... .15 .45 .80 1.10
Gordon & Dilworth, " " " .35 .65
Crosse & Blackwell, " " " .40 .75 1.10 1.25
Christie, Brown & Co., " " " .25 .50

Mincemeat—ready made

Gordon & Dilworth, per jar... .60 and 1.10
Gotham " " " .50 and 0.90
Crosse & Blackwell, per tin... .0.35
Domestic, 5 lb. tin... .0.65
Domestic, per bottle... .0.30

Sundry Suggestions

Punch Sauce, for Puddings, bottle... .0.25
Ground Almonds, tin... .0.30 and 0.55
Colored Cake Icings, package... .0.10
California Preserved Figs, tin, .15, .25 and .40
English Stilton Cheese (imported), lb... .50
Large Selected Queen Olives, bot., .35, .65, 1.10
Olives Stuffed with Peppers, bottle, from .15
Franco-American Baskets, containing an assortment of their products... .1.35

Michie's Confectionery

department is attractive with tempting novelties, and among those not already mentioned are

Candies

Of which there is a very wide choice of variety and prices—with the stamp of goodness on everything.

Special Christmas Mixture, 25c. lb.

Candle Shades

Of which we show the largest and most exclusive assortment in Canada.

Paper Novelties

Such as *Entrée* Cases, in many pretty styles, paper mats and doilies, pie-dish collars, ham and cutlet frills, candle and electric shades.

Santa Claus Stockings

filled with toys, are by common consent the most popular gifts for children, and no present costing so little will give a little child so much pleasure.

The stockings are made of net, some being filled specially for girls, and some for boys, with little Toys of every description, and they save you all the trouble of selection.

We have them in several sizes, and have thousands of them, imported direct from the makers in England:

No. 1	each	10	dozen	1.00
No. 2	"	20	"	2.00
No. 3	"	40	"	4.25
No. 4	"	60	"	6.50
No. 5	"	75	"	8.00
No. 6	"	1.00	"	10.50
No. 7	"	2.00	"	

Established 1835.

Inseparable from Christmas are the good things such as Michie's store provides, and Quality is the keynote of everything as usual.

Just as the Plum Pudding and the figs and nuts and candies are made to be eaten, so the Merry Christmas Cracker is made to be destroyed; and its value rests, not in what is likely to be left to tell the tale after the fun is over, but in the genuineness and intensity of the amusement it creates while it lasts.

Michie & Co.
7 King St. West

For Dessert

The following list will convey some suggestions of the tempting assortment of delicacies at Michie's:—

Choice Selected Figs, lb... .15, .20, .25 and .30
Locum (piled) Figs, box... .75 and 1.25
Cresca Figs, in baskets, basket... .35 and .70
Cresca Figs and Dates, basket... .90
Elite Stuffed Dates, box... .40
Superior Preserved Ginger, jar, 30, .65, .90, 1.25
Mandarin Glace Ginger, tin... .75
Crystallized Ginger Chips, tin... .25
Selected Valencia Almonds, lb... .35 and .40
Superior Jordan Almonds... .60
Fine Malaga Raisins, lb... .25 to .45
French Plums in 2-lb. bots... .75, 1.00 and 1.25
Carlsbad (stuffed) Plums, box... .65 and .75
Fancy Shortbread, tin... .30 and .45
Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits, 22 kinds mixed for dessert, lb... .35
Huntley & Palmer's Cakes, Christmas Fruit Cake, each... .1.00
Mixed Nuts, including walnuts, almonds, Brazils, filberts, pecans, hickorys, lb... .15
Turkish Delight, from Constantinople, lb... .30

Fancy Boxes and Baskets

Some are filled with high-grade chocolate creams, bonbons and other confections, and some are ready to be filled with the candies of your choice.

Boxes

In profusion, made up in the form of pianos, desks, safes, slippers, footballs, cameras, etc., etc., an enormous and beautiful assortment. From 10c upwards.

Baskets

From tiny little things for the smallest Christmas trees up to handsome satin-lined ladies' work-baskets, not only beautiful, but durable and useful.

Christmas Tree Novelties

Include a host of little things such as candles, cornucopias, globes, tinsel, stockings, crackers, and the complete furnishings of the tree.

Handsome Decorated Tins

Filled with Huntley & Palmer's Dessert Mixed Sweet Biscuits, from .40 to 1.50 tin.

Michie's Merry Crackers

will carry more genuine amusement into the Christmas festivities than any single feature you can devise.

There are literally hundreds to choose from; divided into three general classes:

From 15c to 45c box

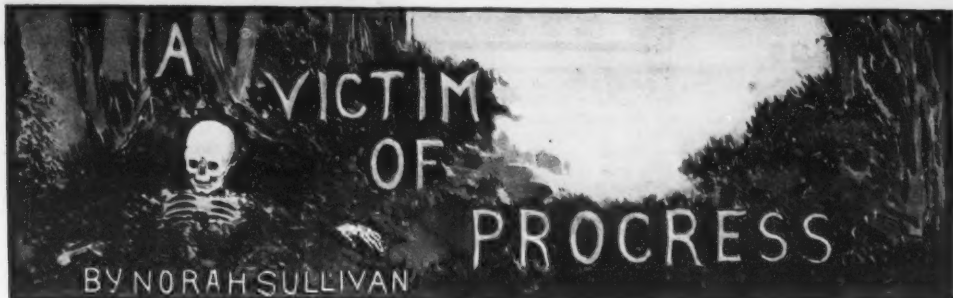
Pretty little Crackers for little children and the Xmas tree, containing little paper hats, caps, miniature toys, jewels, puzzles, etc.

From 50c to \$1.00 box

Just one dozen Crackers in a box—same as cheaper boxes—but larger, handsomer crackers with a greater variety of amusing contents.

From \$1.00 box upwards

Large, beautiful and suitable for adults' parties, dinners, dances and table decoration, introducing joyous amusement and spreading good humor everywhere.
Twelve Crackers in a box.



PAIN drew his mind to consciousness. His head ached and throbbed, an intolerable weight pressed upon his brow, his limbs felt leaden and icy cold. Before he opened his eyes, the memory of the night's horrors rose vividly before him, and he saw again the solid wall of darkness that had enclosed him. He remembered how in countless efforts to escape he seemed to have flung himself upon it, to have found it real and tangible, to have battered upon it with bruised and bleeding hands, to have shrieked aloud when he found that it resisted his most desperate and strenuous efforts. How the echoes mocked him! But the tingling, pulsing silence that fell upon him like a pall when the echoes ceased, was still more horrible. It smothered him, and he choked and gasped for breath. He put his hands over his ears to shut it out, but it was more insistent than the thunder of Niagara.

He staggered forward, resolved in one last and desperate struggle, and hurled himself at the slab of blackness. Something struck him heavily on the head. The darkness seemed to recede, and for a moment strange lights flamed and danced before his eyes, then it surged forward again in one huge engulfing wave, and he fell, pitched as it seemed to his reeling brain, into unfathomable space. How long ago was that? He wondered. How many hours had he lain unconscious? Was it still night, or had the day dawned and died, and was it night again? Would the old horror be there if he opened his eyes? He shuddered, and dared not meet it.

"You fool," he thought, with fierce self-scorn, "to be afraid of the dark, for it was only the dark; how could it be a wall? And the thing that knocked you senseless was a tree. You hit your silly head against it. There are thousands and thousands of them all about you, and for a day and a night that lasted a hundred years, and another night that had no beginning and is never going to end, they have been tearing at your hair and what's left of your flesh and clothes, tripping you up and knocking you down, and never a blaze on one of them! Oh, curse the flies! Curse the country! Curse it!" And then, quite suddenly, he became aware that a subtle and significant change was taking place in the atmosphere. It grew lighter, moister, easier to breathe, as though someone had opened a window in a crowded room. There was a sudden cessation of all the myriad wood-noises that are so slight and fragile that only a woodsman can distinguish them from the vast brooding silence of which they form a part. For an instant the wilderness seemed to stiffen into a breathless, pregnant pause, then with an abruptness that set Farquason's heart hammering against his side, wind rustled the leaves above his head, and a squirrel scampered madly down one tree and up another, where he scolded shrilly at the approaching dawn. For it was the dawn. Opening his bloodshot eyes, he saw thankfully the blurred outlines of the trees, like tall ghosts in the pale misty light, stretching away from him in countless numbers, tall and slim, for they were mostly pine and tamarack, till they were lost in a shadowy perspective. "They look very solemn," he

thought whimsically, "almost as if they were sorry for me. But I know the beggars! When it's dark again they'll be at their old games, poking my eyes out, scratching my face and hands, and playing the deuce with me generally."

He did not attempt to rise, but lay almost as he had fallen hours before, staring up through the branches at patches of neutral-tinted sky. He was weak from hunger and fatigue, and though he did not know it, had lost a quantity of blood from a cut above his temple. The wild unreasoning terror that had forced shrieks from him which he flushed with shame to remember, had given place to a calm indifference, which he found very pleasant and soothing. He was dimly aware, however, that this sensation was mainly the result of physical weakness, and a strong disinclination to move from his present position, a disinclination strengthened by the fact that the smallest movement of his head was followed by an overpowering feeling of dizziness and nausea. He tried to rouse himself to a sense of the danger in which he lay. "Look here, Farquason, you chump," he said to himself, "you're lost in the bush, that's what you are, and

have jerked from the leather belt where he always carried it. He seized it with unspeakable delight, and ran his fingers caressingly along its blunted edge. It was such an old friend that he felt that he was no longer alone in that vast void of silence. Hope and courage returned. "At least I won't run around in circles like a tipsy chicken," he thought, and he blazed the first tree, a twisted spruce, on both sides, and then struck out bravely in a northerly direction.

The flies tortured him, and the blood flowed afresh from the wound in his temple, trickled down his haggard face and dripped on to his breast. He stumbled over fallen trees and rotting logs, and sank often to his knees in the treacherous muskeg. But the noonday sun found him still fighting his way through the wilderness, staggering like a drunken man, groping blindly about him with tremulous hands, as if his old enemy, darkness, had overtaken him and fallen upon him unawares. At length his lacerated hands almost refused to guide or even grip the light axe, and the trembling of his knees warned him that they could no longer support his emaciated frame.

"Not yet," he sobbed, "O Lord, not



With a single movement he was on his feet.

unless you hump yourself, that bannock and pork you swallowed thirty-six hours ago is going to be the last meal you'll ever grumble at. You've got no compass and no matches, you are getting weaker all the time, and if you have to spend another night like the last horror, your little brain will go snap like a banjo string that's strung too tight." The smile started him on another train of thought, and he glanced down at his tattered garments and sodden shoe-packs, and smiled. Had he, Sydney Farquason, clad in the immaculate trappings of conventionality, ever sat at the feet of a vision in chiffon, whose light hands drew tender melodies from the old banjo they had found in the attic? She had sung, too, in the low, sweet voice he loved, and for one never-to-be-forgotten moment her right hand strayed from the strings it caressed and floated down till it reached his shoulder, and rested there, like a white, wind-blown blossom. He caught his breath as he had done then, for the memory thrilled him with a pain that was exquisite and intense. He remembered that the air had been sweet with the scent of violets, but that he could not see them. They were not at her throat, where she so often wore them, or tucked in the ribbon that spanned her waist, but they were somewhere, he was sure of that; why, he could smell them now!

He pulled himself up sharply. "Farquason," he said aloud, "you are a damned fool," and then he stopped from sheer surprise, for the voice was not in the least like his own. It was high-pitched and querulous, and had a queer break in it, like that of a very old man. "This won't do," he thought, "I'm getting light-headed," and with a tremendous effort he dragged himself to his feet, and stood upright, clinging to the tree nearest him, swaying like a reed before the wind.

The sun he could not see rose splendid and serene into a cloudless sky. The soft misty light became clearly white, the trees stood out sharply, and the neutral-tinted patches above the tangle of branches deepened to radiant blue. The sun's rays at last touched the tops of the highest trees and filtered through the canopy of tangled boughs, striking a chilly warmth to his shivering limbs. In spite of weakness and hunger, his vitality revived, and with it an acute comprehension of the danger of his position. Food was his first quest, and presently he found it in the shape of a patch of blueberries. The dew-drenched moss and leaves quenched his thirst, and close by he came upon the small safety axe which the force of his fall must

air. He piled the brush and tamarack, and soon the rippling flames shot upwards, stabbing the darkness like shining yellow spears. For his bed he stripped the branches from a balsam, and heaped them near the fire. He sighed regretfully as he thought of the wistful eyes his coming would not brighten, and of the little helpless bundle sleeping in the curve of her gentle arm. But Pierre Latour was a philosopher, and found consolation in the thought that her morning welcome would be all the warmer for the lonely vigil he knew she would keep. So he ate his pork and bannock contentedly enough, and then lit his pipe, turned on his side, and resting his head on his arm, watched dreamily the leap and fall of the flames. Instinctively his right hand dropped to the stock of his rifle, and grasped it, as another man would grasp the hand of a friend he trusted. All at once the relaxed lines of his body stiffened, and he raised his head sharply. Something he could not see was coming towards him. With a single movement he was on his feet, alert, ready for any emergency, his keen, watchful eyes probing the darkness beyond the fringe of firelight. The sharp, tearing noise of breaking branches became distinctly audible, and presently above it, and the crackling of the flames, he heard a confused babble of sounds, so unfamiliar, so inexplicable, that he experienced a little unaccustomed thrill of fear, fear that for a moment gripped the very soul of him and laid an icy hand upon his heart, when there emerged from the darkness a figure that tottered into the circle of the red illuminating blaze, a figure half human, wholly horrible, with blood upon its head and breast, the glare of madness in its wild bright eyes, a figure that beat together its mutilated hands, plucked at the rags that were its only covering, flung out its emaciated arms with a gesture awful in its abandonment of despair.

"Jesu-Marie!" muttered the trapper, and he crossed himself rapidly. But the thing of dread that had been a man neither saw nor heard him, but stood swaying before the fire. Its head turned restlessly from side to side, and from its blackened lips fell a babble of unintelligible sounds, broken by peals of laughter, that were caught by a hundred echoes and tossed to and fro upon the startled air, till from the fragrant, harmonious mystery the trapper knew and loved, the night became a thing of unspeakable horror and menace. With sheer force of will he steeled his quivering nerves, and beat back the flood of terror that swept over him. He was accounted brave even among men to whom danger was the least momentous of all the natural forces against which they pitted their strength and cunning in a constant and strenuous struggle that made up the sum total of the life they so lightly valued, and which was only terminated by the death they met unflinchingly, with a smile and a careless word. But here was danger in a new and unfamiliar guise, and it was by reason of his instant recognition of the untried and unknown element in that which confronted him, that the trapper paused before seizing the figure that swayed perilously near the fire. When he did so, the gleam of a signet ring on one of the hands that feebly strove to resist him, caught his eye. With a startled exclamation he seized it in his own and examined it closely for a moment, and then gazed into the wild face with horrified recognition. "Farquason!" he cried, "Farquason! Is it you?"

Above the chaos that raged and clamored in that poor distraught brain, the trapper's voice sounded faint, far, yet clear and insistent. The restless motion of the head ceased, the flow of strange animal-like sounds faltered, and then sank to a scarcely audible murmur, and in the haggard eyes dawned an agony of bewilderment. "Farquason! Farquason!" Louder this time, and nearer, ringing above the clamor, subduing, dominating it, arresting for the moment the swiftly ebbing tide of reason. "Farquason! Farquason!" Latour felt the limp figure he supported tremble from head to foot, and then straighten itself, and fling off his restraining arms. Slowly, as though from a great distance, with long pauses between the words came a once familiar voice. "Yes, I'm Farquason. Who's calling?" It was as if the dead had spoken. The voice had lost all life and resonance, it was like the echo of a sound made long ago, dull, hopeless, sunken, and Latour shivered as he listened. There was no recognition in the burning gaze turned upon him, no relief, no gladness of escape, only a sort of impatient questioning. In a constantly recurring gesture of bewilderment, the lost man passed his hand across his eyes and forehead, as if to clear his vision of the mists that obscured it. But he did not resist when Latour led him to the pile of balsam, urging him to rest upon it, covering his rags with his own well-worn coat. He could not be persuaded to eat, but drank greedily, and then sank into a lethargy, from which Latour tried in vain to arouse him, for the tide was ebbing swiftly once again.

With gentle hands he washed the blood and dirt and cut the matted hair from the wounded head. Then having built up the fire, he stretched himself beside it, lit his pipe, and watched that other motionless figure with passionate pity. Farquason lay on his side, the red glow of the flames shining on his face and tattered yellow hair. His head rested on his arm, and he gazed straight before him with wide, bright eyes that saw nothing but a vast greyness, and expressed nothing but an awful and infinite remoteness. But when sleep had laid his hand upon the trapper's brow, and closed his watchful eyes, and a small chill wind, the first harbingers of dawn, crept through the pines, there came into that encompassing and all-pervading void of greyness, a stir, a breath of life, a ripple of movement. It seemed to Farquason that in the center of it, a star was born that grew ever larger and brighter, that glowed and palpitated in color and radiance, like the heart of a splendid fiery rose, rising and falling upon undulating waves of pearl mist. For a moment it throbbed in flaming beauty before his dazzled vision, then sank to a

Any Rheumatic sufferer may have a full dollar's worth of my remedy free

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that I or any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that we could count on not only occasionally, but always. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere, and genuine relief is rare. After twenty years of search and experiment, I learned of the chemical I now employ. And I knew then that my search and my efforts were well rewarded. For this chemical gave me the basis of a remedy which in the cure of Rheumatism is practically certain.

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheu-

matic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again—that is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism.

I am willing that you should prove my claims at my expense. I will gladly give you a full dollar package of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic remedy to try. For I know that you and your neighbors and friends will by your good wishes and their good words, more than repay my initial loss.

You pay nothing -- you promise nothing you risk nothing -- you deposit nothing

Crystallized Poison!

You know that hard water leaves a deposit of lime in the bottom of the tea-kettle in which it boils, and soft water does not. That is because soft water is filtered and contains no lime, while hard water is not filtered and is full of it.

You can imagine that if that deposit were to settle in the joint of your knee it would be extremely painful. And if the deposit grew, you could finally no longer endure the torture of walking.

Yet that is the very way that Rheumatism begins and ends. Except that the deposit which forms is not lime, but crystallized poison!

For your blood is always full of poison—the poison you eat and drink and breathe into your system. It is the purpose of the blood to absorb and carry off the outward signs of the unseen crystals, which are the blood filters, are expected to cleanse the blood and send it back through the system clean to gather more poison, which they, in turn, will eliminate.

But sometimes the kidneys fail. And sometimes from some other cause the blood gets so full of poison that they cannot absorb it all. This is the start of Rheumatism. The poison accumulates and crystallizes. The blood carries the crystals and they increase in size. Then, when it can carry them no longer, it deposits them in a joint—on a bone—anywhere.

The twinge in your leg—the dull ache in your arm on a rainy day—these are the outward signs of the unseen crystals. And the twisted limbs and unspeakable anguish of the sufferer who has allowed his symptoms to go unheeded and untreated for years—these are the evidences of what Rheumatism, neglected, can do.

Rheumatism includes lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, gout—for all these are the results of rheumatic poison in the blood. Plainly, the first thing to do is to remove the poison. But this is not enough. The formation of the poison must be stopped, so that nature may have a chance to dissolve and eliminate the crystals which have already formed. Unless this is done there can be no cure—no permanent relief.

A Certain Cure

I spent twenty years in experimenting before I felt satisfied that I had a certain remedy for this dread disease—a remedy which would not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I used this chemical, I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure that would be practically certain. But even then, before I made an announcement—before I was willing to put my name on it—I made more than 2,000 tests! And my failures were but 2 per cent.

This German chemical is not the only ingredient I use in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but it made the remedy possible—made possible an achievement which, I doubt not, could have been made in no other way.

This chemical was very expensive. The duty, too, was high. In all it cost me \$4.90 per pound. But what is \$4.90 per pound for a real remedy for the world's most painful disease?—for a real relief from the greatest torture human beings know?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if I were not sure of a misrepresentation? Would I do this if I were not straightforward in my every claim? Could I AFFORD to do it if I were not SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. Address: Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Racine, Wis. I will send you my book on Rheumatism beside. It is free. I will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

dull red glow, and he saw—the dying embers of a camp-fire, the gloom of a starless night, and beside him, a sleeping half-breed.

The time that had elapsed since the discovery that he had been traveling in a circle till the present moment of partial and fleeting restoration, was a blank to him. But he experienced no surprise at the sight of Latour. He was too weak. He had reached the stage where nothing matters very much, where the emotions and faculties are deadened, where grief has no longer any power to sting, or joy to thrill. He felt, but with no pang of regret, that he had lost his grasp of actualities, that they had slipped beyond his reach. For him the last sun had set, the last star risen, the last and final darkness fallen. His aching gaze swept the outlines of the trees, and he wondered vaguely which would mark his resting place, where already the monuments upon forgotten graves, how many lost explorers slept the years away in patient waiting for an immortal dawn. How many? He had only to count them, for between the rim of firelight and the darkness beyond they passed him in a

shadowy procession—the Ghosts of the lost Surveyors. Haggard and wild like himself, with stumbling feet, trembling outstretched hands, and straining eyes that sought the blazes they never found, they filed slowly by, the victims of a too presumptuous civilization. One Farquason had known, the face of another was familiar, all were stamped with the same setness of despair. As the last figure vanished into the night it turned and beckoned to him, and in that ghostly shape he recognized himself. But quickly following it, heralded by the fragrance of violets, appeared another vision, and his glazing eyes beheld the face of the woman he loved blossom out of the darkness. Her mute lips smiled and bent to meet his own, and he saw that violets were fastened in the coil of hair that caressed her neck. Weakness fell away from him like a garment, and when he called to her, "Wait, oh wait! I am coming!" his voice was strong and glad. As the wings of Dawn brushed the eastern sky he reached her enfolding arms, and sank into the swift embrace of Death. The trapper stirred uneasily in his sleep, shivered, and awoke suddenly.

Do Not Fail to Read It.

The popular magazine is the *Four-Track News*, December number now on sale. Only 5c. a copy.

Mr. Jones—My daughter is only eighteen. You had better wait until she is older. The Lover—Well, I've waited two years for her to get older, but she still stays at eighteen.

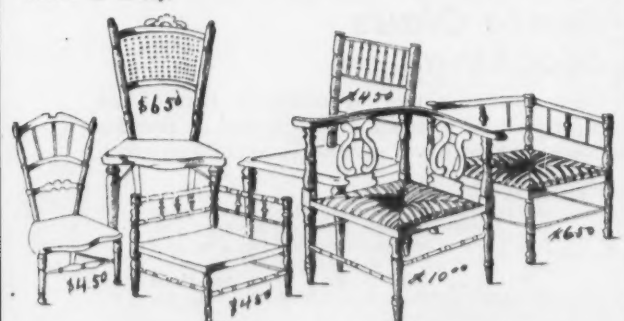
Windsor Salt

used in homes all over Canada where purity is appreciated. It will not cake.

Kay's Artistic Furniture Kay's

Beautiful French Gilt Furniture

You might look until your eyes grow dim and travel until your feet are sore, but you could not find so fine a collection of French Gilt Furniture as we are showing. Our exhibit for reception and drawing-rooms is certainly fine. We show some of the designs in the illustration of to-day.



Infant chairs, without arms, \$4.50
Handsome chairs, carved top, with gilt cane bottom, \$6.50
Infant gilt corner chairs, \$4.50
Gilt corner chairs with colored cane seat, \$10.50
Corner chairs with colored seat, \$6.50.

John Kay, Son & Co., Limited
36-38 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

A Christmas Gift to Old Country Friends



We will deliver a dozen or half-a-dozen jars of

MacLAREN'S

Imperial Cheese

to any address in

ENGLAND,

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or IRELAND

in time for Christmas, and without a cent of charge beyond the regular retail price in Toronto, as follows:

Individual size, 10c. per jar, \$1.20 per doz.
Small 1/2 doz. 50c.
Medium 1/2 doz. 60c.

If you wish to send your card it will be enclosed in the box. This is an opportunity to make a delightful present at a minimum of cost.

We pay all Delivery Charges

right to your friend's door. Your order should reach us by Dec. 20th at latest, but the earlier you order the better. **Order Now.** Write addresses plainly. Make money orders payable to

A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Limited

51 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. See

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.



Oriental Art Goods

FOR

Holiday Gifts

Damascus and Benares Brassware

We have just received a new shipment of these direct from the Orient, comprising: Hammered and Engraved Jardinieres, Trays, Umbrella Stands; also Inlaid and Carved Tabourets, Sofas, Pedestals, Flower Stands, etc., ranging in price from \$2.00 up to \$30.00.

Ladies' Oriental Kimonos

Just received a new supply, all new Eastern designs and beautiful goods. Prices very special—\$2.00, \$3.50, \$5.00 up to \$10.00.

Special in Persian Rugs

We have a very large collection of genuine Persian and Turkish Rugs, all perfect and selected goods, regularly marked from \$30.00 to \$150.00. Your choice at \$25.00 each for this week only, as they last.

Those wishing to buy something unique and fine for Holiday Gifts will be well suited here, as we have the largest assortment of Oriental Goods at lowest prices. All mail orders given our careful attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King East



ORANGE MEAT

MADE IN CANADA

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Directory of the Rich.

THE first impression obtained from a study of the wealthy is that the richest of them have founded and built up their own fortunes. They were pioneers, turning into riches what before was untitled. According to James Burnley, the English author, the individuals endowed with the greatest possessions all began poor. They head the list of names which he chose and ranked as follows, giving also their source of wealth, their homes and the amount of their fortunes:

Alfred Beit, diamonds, London, \$500,000,000.
J. B. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, \$400,000,000.
J. D. Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$250,000,000.
W. W. Astor, land, London, \$200,000,000.
Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, \$200,000,000.
Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, \$125,000,000.
W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads, New York, \$100,000,000.
William Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$100,000,000.
J. J. Astor, land, New York, \$75,000,000.
Lord Rothschild, money lending, London, \$75,000,000.
Duke of Westminster, land, London, \$75,000,000.
Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, \$75,000,000.
Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, \$70,000,000.
Senora Isidora Cousino, mines and railroads, Chile, \$70,000,000.
M. Heine, silk, Paris, \$70,000,000.
Baron Alphonse Rothschild, money lending, Paris, \$70,000,000.
Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending, Vienna, \$70,000,000.
Archduke Frederick of Austria, land, Vienna, \$70,000,000.
George J. Gould, railroads, New York, \$70,000,000.
Mrs. Hetty Green, banking, New York, \$55,000,000.
James H. Smith, banking, New York, \$50,000,000.
Duke of Devonshire, land, London, \$50,000,000.
Duke of Bedford, land, London, \$50,000,000.
Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, \$50,000,000.
John Smith, mines, Mexico, \$45,000,000.
Claus Spreckles, sugar, San Francisco, \$40,000,000.
Archbishop Conn, land, Vienna, \$40,000,000.
Russell Sage, money lending, New York, \$25,000,000.
Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, \$25,000,000.
Beit, Robinson and Rockefeller, it may thus be seen, have amassed greater riches in their chosen fields than those born to great estates and reared with the sole view to increasing them. They have outstripped the heads of such houses as the Rothschilds, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the titled men of wealth of England with their ancestral square miles of land.

Ants Have Five Noses.

In their feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform. One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest, or that of an enemy; another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies; a third, nasal organ serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace the way quite easily; a fourth nose smells the larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy. If the ant be deprived of this last nose, it will live peacefully with enemies; but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death.

The sense of smell does not come till the ants are three days old. If, therefore, ants only twelve hours old are placed among others belonging to different colonies, they will grow up quite amicably, and not understand that they are a mixed lot, because they will have grown up with ideas of scent in accordance with their surroundings.

Warned Off.

Little Lillian had been an only child nearly five years. Having been taught to pray for things desired, she took it upon herself to pray for a little sister. This petition was not varied except on stormy nights, when her bed-time prayer was ended by saying, "But don't send her to-night, for she might get lost." At last the little sister came, to Lillian's unbounded delight, and for three months no cloud crossed her happiness. But the little sister was wrestling with a sad case of colic one evening just as Lillian was trying to say her prayers. Again and again she tried to hear her own voice above the baby's screams, but failed. She stood and looked at the offending party for a minute, then, in one of the lulls, threw herself on her knees, voicing this petition: "Please, dear Lord, don't send us any more babies till I tell you to."

He who courts and runs away, May live to court another day; But he who weds, and courts girls still, May get in court against his will.

"Why did Gladys have so quiet a wedding?" "Well, she knew it would make lots of talk."

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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reserves the right to observe the following: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not allowed. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Baldy.—The principal lesson to be learned from the war in the East seems to me to be that the game's not worth the candle. Slaughterhouse arguments don't convince me. Certainly the struggle has interest, and as you say, the game is a devoted lot of patriots. And I suppose your letter means that you want a delusion? The writing is full of vitality, vim and buoyancy, the dominant touch is strong and the impulse of caution almost makes me distrust the material comforts, and can love warmly and truly. It is a clever, capable and very magnetic study, with enough adaptability and good temper to balance its somewhat impulsive tone. You may be led into foolish resolutions, but second thoughts will save you.

Berserker.—The month is up, I think, and I am wondering whether I might safely venture. Let me know if such be possible, and I'll do it. Sometime I can spend a few moments with the dogs that wag tails and the rest of you, but I don't seem to know you in winter weather. Did the papers reach the destination safely? They should have been acknowledged before this. Good luck and good wishes to you all. Have you read Duncan's newest book? You should.

A.—Would be Canadian.—This is what one recognizes as the hand of the man with a decided bent for some study involving construction and style, architecture for example. It is never written by the thoughtless or the uneducated. It is a controlled individual, and denotes concentration, individuality, and ideas, sometimes practical, and sometimes idealistic. There is no sentiment and much isolation of soul, wisdom and reticence, with possibilities of great cleverness and refined and exacting taste. I should say the writer has studied carefully and on certain subjects has a good knowledge. Greatly to be commended. A certain formality and dignity are indicated. I should rather have been glad to know under what sign this study came into the world. Maybe he'll be good enough to tell me.

Madame Therese.—There are lots of pleasant things in it. Companionable, sincere, and a certain delicate power, concentration and devotion, some locality, bright, quick perception, care for details, and a sensitive and responsive temperament. Thought and good power of deduction, logical and clear sequence of ideas, and the most distinct femininity are shown. There might be a greater expansiveness and generosity, but it would perhaps result in a tone now so highly strung and very attractive to appreciate understanding. The slight variations in your writing are indications of the "moving of the waters" by nervous disturbance. You know you are a "water baby," born on July 11th.

Avalon.—I think I tipped you a nipper some time ago, but have just come across your letter again in its turn. It pleases me that you liked the paragraph, because if I'd made any mistakes you'd have known, and given me a talking to. At least, I hope so. I had word from the shore by the last mail, and sometimes the Newfoundlanders are not forgetting me, either. Do you happen to know Ray Roberts? Your hearing was good on September 18 to be thinking old Winter's chariot rattling near. Here am I on November 26, sitting in the sun at an open window and thanking you for your interest in me. Whichever! I want to spend a winter on the Labrador. Fact.

Penitent.—Impudence is no name for you, ever. I am sure you are. Impudence is forgiven. I don't remember the good thing I missed, so I cannot work and read any more. I am the fool, ever. Your writing is full of impulse and erratic force, with excellent self-preservation and a certain amount of the "decisive" force, with others, and don't believe more than you like from anyone. Expression is good and thought consecutive. Lack of conventionality and a certain breeziness and vim in your study indicate a man who would take a short cut rather than plod on the beaten road. Tenacity, some humor, and a rather active and independent nature are suggested.

F. H. Orilla.—I do not give private answers to letters addressed to this column. If you will send your effusions will tell you just how they strike me. Your writing is bright, stirring, and full of snap, but it is, as you probably know, not very well developed.

Manchester.—It depends a good deal on the eye. Some persons can, without difficulty, exactly imitate a written copy. Some, not having eye contact, can only imitate more or less defective, and their own original impulse and character come out better in the writing. Your writing shows ambition, some imagination, sharp criticism and judgment, a good deal of misplaced force, some taste and a touch of refinement. Your thoughts are clear and logical, and you are reasonably discreet, but the study lacks maturity and decision.

The Kid.—I went to St. Louis in June. It was quite well worth while. April 23 brings you under the first influence of Taurus, an earth sign. You have the strong materialism, generous impulses and lack of inspiration of the sign, but have just escaped from the bright and upward trend of Aries, a fire sign, which seems to have touched you more or less. Your hand is certainly not fully formed, but I may go by what it hints. It will develop into a very noble and worthy revelation of your character later.

A Nurse.—I have just come to your letter. What a pity one cannot see through an envelope and know when an

answer should be prompt. What can one who has not power to feel what you feel, say to hearten and strengthen you? This is no sentimental trouble, such as I poke into the W.P.B. with an impatient wonder that anyone can put it in writing. Believe me, dear girl, that so much as an outsider can, I sympathize, and trust in the nobility I find in your letter and writing to support you under trial. You should have given the exact day of the month. Perhaps, should you see this, you will write again. When you go from this room to the next, may every hour of that seven years be at hand to cheer you, and may that next room be full of health and joy.

One Who Sees Things as They Are.—September 6 brings you under Virgo, an earth sign, and your writing does not suggest that you have greatly developed from the materialistic tone which is the nature of all earth people. The study is full of uncontrolled and vagrant force, and there are impulses both good and evil. At all events it isn't an indifferent or stupid study, and may develop gifts quite above the commonplace.

Paula.—June 19 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, and one which you seem to have succeeded in harmonizing to a certain extent. There is great capacity for work, probably of a business nature, and a rather plausible and easy mannerism. Ambition is shown. The mind is formal and the temper good, taste also fair.

Chafing-Dish Entertaining.

There is something about a chafing-dish that breathes good-fellowship, destroys the conventional, and whets one's appetite. It is such a convenient way for informal entertaining that it is a marvel that every family has not formed the habit of chafing-dish cookery. It is a wonder that more young ladies have not called the chafing-dish to their assistance, for if the old adage, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," is true, we would imagine it would be a very unattractive young lady indeed who, with the assistance of a chafing-dish and an acquaintance with chafing-dish cookery, could not win a husband in short order. And there is no excuse for not understanding chafing-dish cookery, for a number of manufacturers, interested in the sale of their wares, offer cook-books that give full details for the manipulation of the chafing-dish, and it is really wonderful how clever some of these books are.

The secret of success with the chafing-dish depends largely upon careful attention to details and preparation. The ingredients should be measured and mixed, and all supplies placed in attractive readiness, as it is the rapidity of cooking that makes the dishes so much better when done in a chafing-dish.

A few of the most popular creations of the chafing-dish are: The Welsh Rarebit, Golden Buck, Lobster à la Newburg, Cream Lobster, English Monkey, Eggs à la Crème, Shrimp Wiggle, Creamed Oysters, etc., etc.

Formerly, one of the most serious objections to the good things of the chafing-dish was that, being eaten late, they were likely to upset one; but even this is looked after, and it is said that a small amount of Extract of Beef will not only add to the toothsome of most of the dishes, but insures against any of the ill-effects from late or over-eating.

The chafing-dish enthusiast has an abundance of supplies to select from, and almost everything that the mind or appetite can suggest may be had in a convenient form, so that the chafing-dish may be manipulated quite as easily in the parlor or living-room, as in the dining-room. Try it, and see how inexpensively and attractively you can entertain, and how easily you can make a reputation for being a generous and hospitable hostess. But for your reputation's sake, and for the comfort of your guests, don't forget a small quantity of Extract of Beef with each savory dish.



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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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LAWRENCE D'ORSAY'S reappearance at the Princess Theatre in that charming little comedy, *The Earl of Pawtucket*, has been received with the good houses and expressions of delight which such an event commands. The company surrounding Mr. D'Orsay is practically the same that accompanied him last year—and there seems no good reason why it should be changed during the long life that the piece is sure to enjoy. It is not too much to say that *The Earl of Pawtucket*, as an acting comedy, has few equals on the stage today. I say acting comedies that I may not be taken as approving of a number of serious literary defects that would mar the piece if it should be judged as a work of literary art. Last week we saw a brilliant piece of literature put upon the stage, where all its weaknesses as a play were glaringly exposed. Examined in the library, *Candida* is a masterpiece; on the stage it is most obviously out of place. There are those who would hold my opinion of *Candida* as expressed last week to be highly ridiculous; but I was glad to see that a no less celebrated and experienced actor and manager, that Sir Charles Wyndham, in an interview in Philadelphia the other day, expressed exactly the same opinion of it as that which appeared in last week's *Saturday Night*, and made use of exactly the same words. *The Earl of Pawtucket*, if read in play-book form, would be quite as disappointing as was *Candida* upon the stage. Each is excellent in its proper place. Lawrence D'Orsay, as the Earl, is simply irresistible. The part is evidently made for him, not for the part. Indeed, I don't think he will ever be able to make anything like the same success out of any other character that he has made with it. Miss Jane Peyton as *Harriet Fordyce* has greatly improved since her last year's appearance. Mr. Herbert Fortier and Mr. A. P. Thomas, two old Torontoites, were exceptionally good. No one who enjoys really high-class, refined comedy should miss an opportunity of seeing the Earl. Few things so good come along in a season.

King Dodo, the successful comic opera, is at the Grand Opera House this week and is drawing large houses. There is a capable company, with a painstaking chorus; the costumes are brilliant and the nonsense is bright and funny. The most popular song is *The Tale of a Bumble Bee*, with *21 Jolly Old Potentate* and *Two Hearts Made One* running it very close. Miss Rose Cecilia Shay, who was last seen here in grand opera, plays the part of *Piolo*; Elvia Croix Sealbrooke that of *Queen Lill*, while Charles W. Meyers is a very humorous presentation of *King Dodo*. The whole performance compares very favorably with that given at the Princess last spring.

A slight sketch, entitled *A High-toned Burglar*, is the best feature of the programme at Shea's this week, being one of the brightest and most mirth-provoking that has been seen here this season. It is excellently presented by James F. Dolan and Ida Lenhart, assisted by Len Emery. Jack Mason's *Society Belles* are not quite up to the mark, but they sing and dance, and are good-looking girls—so what is the difference? The Four Huntings present their well-known turn, *Fun in a Madhouse*. The female member of the quartette is an exceptionally good dancer. The Waterbury Brothers and Tenney are funny and their music is taking in their sketch, *A Cold Day in July*. The Three Merrills are daring and clever cyclists. Monsieur Albany has some original sleight-of-hand tricks, but his impersonations are not up to much. Joe Morris, the Hebrew comedian; Leona Thurber, who sings, and the kinetograph complete the bill.

An unusually interesting announcement is the appearance of the celebrated English actor, Kyrle Bellew, at the Princess Theatre for a week, starting Monday night, in his new drama, *Raffles*, the *Amateur Crackman*. Mr. Bellew will be surrounded by precisely the same cast which played in *Raffles* with him in New York last season for two hundred performances—the record run of the metropolitan season. E. M. Holland will be seen in his original role of *Captain Bedford*, the detective, one of the strongest characterizations of this eminent player's long career. The joint appearance of Mr. Bellew and Mr. Holland—the latter, in my opinion, a much better actor than Mr. Bellew—is an event. *Raffles* presents a new theme to the stage. While highly exciting and the leading character is a burglar, the play is neither a howling melodrama nor a glorification of crime. It is a study in criminology and has a psychological side that will interest alike the scientific and the ordinarily thoughtful. But it is neither a sermon nor a dry scholastic discussion, but a powerful and, at times, a wildly exciting drama, constructed with an eye single to affording two and a half hours of thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. The play is based on E. W. Hornung's clever series of stories published in two volumes under the titles of *Raffles* and *The Amateur Crackman*. Those who have read these volumes will be pleased to know that Mr. Bellew's drama is taken from the intensely interesting incident of the Meirose diamonds.

The elaborate quality and massive character of Lewis Morrison's new production of *Faust*, in which he himself this season appears as *Mephisto*, is attracting crowded houses and unqualified praise on his tour, which commenced in New York, embracing New Orleans in the South, Montreal in the North, and San Francisco in the West. So far the reappearance of this clever star has not only drawn an unbroken series of crowded houses, but has resulted in a universally expressed eulogy of his scenery, company and brilliant performance of Goethe's weird conception of Satan. Lewis Morrison's five thousand performances of *Mephisto* during the past twenty seasons have made the names of Morrison and *Mephisto* synonymous. That his performance stands pre-eminently first is universally conceded, and the fact of the immense financial returns, crowded houses and warm



Moonrise—A Canadian Pastoral.—By HORATIO WALKER.
THE REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PICTURE AT THE NEW YORK "COMPARATIVE EXHIBIT OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN ART."

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE "Comparative Exhibition of Native and Foreign Art," that was opened the other day at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, was a boldly conceived plan for bringing into greater prominence the work of "American" artists. This patriotic effort had its initiative in the breast of a few art-lovers and collectors, who met occasionally to discuss, informally, projects toward this end, and a corporation known as "The Society of Art Collectors" was ultimately formed for the encouragement of native art in general.

We are assured that this test of comparison was adopted in no contentious spirit of rivalry or competition, but simply to show that "American" art need not be ashamed to travel in the best company of Europe. To this end one hundred paintings have been selected from representative "American" artists, and an equal number of the best modern European masters obtainable, and these hung side by side or interspersed so as to afford the freest possible opportunity for comparison on terms of utmost equality and familiarity. Portraits, as a rule, and mural paintings have for obvious reasons not been included.

Whistler holds the place of honor with ten examples, among them an exquisite *Symphony in Grey*, another *Symphony in Grey and Green*, two nocturnes, *Bognor* and *Bat-tersea Beach*, and a life-sized portrait of an English girl in a characteristic pose, which he calls *Arrangement in Black and White, No. 1*.

With Whistler are associated such well-knowns as George Innes, Homer Martin, Ryder, La Farge, William Morris Hunt, J. A. Weir, Alexander Wyant and George Fuller, and it may be safely taken for granted that for the purposes of this exhibition the best of these artists' work has been selected.

Of the European masters there are Corot, with five examples, among them *La Charrette*, *Lac Nemi* and *Summer Day*; Millet, with the *Sheep Shearers*, *Gleaners* and *Can-nyers*; Diaz, the noted colorist, with *Les Bohemiens*, *Sun Worshipers* and *Edge of the Forest*, *October*; Monticelli, likewise a rich color master, with two examples loaned by Sir William Van Horne, *Adoration of the Magi*, and a landscape, and the same artist's *Dolce per Niente*, *Summer Day's Idyll* and *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza Entering the Garden of the Duchess*; Rousseau, with but two examples, one, *The Great Oaks of Bas Beau*, not a particularly finished picture, from the Van Horne collection, and an exquisite sunny picture, *Morning on the River Oise*; Turner is represented only once, but in one of his most delightful examples, *Venice, the Dogana and Santa Maria della Salute*, showing a view of the palace of the Doges and Salute church across the mouth of the Grand Canal. This

is loaned by another Canadian, Mr. James Ross of Montreal. George Michel is worthily represented in the big solemn *Montmartre*; Mauve in *Plowing and Pets of the Milk-maid*; Jongkind, in a view of the *River Oise*, loaned by Sir George Drummond, another well-known Canadian collector, who also sends the only Josef Israels, *The Fisherman's Cottage*. Of Fromentin there are two, both of well-known excellence, *The Falconer* and *Arabian Horse Dealers*; Jules Dupré has many examples in this country, but only three have been hung in this exhibition, *Cattle, Going to Pasture*, and *The Cottage*; Decamps in *The Ambulance* and *The Turkish Barber Shop*; Delacroix has six, among them *Winter*, *The Wounded Tiger*, and *Christ on the Lake of Geneva*; Sir Thomas Lawrence is well represented in *Nature*, a charming group of children; Troyon's, of which there are five, include a splendid marine and a portrait of Georges Sand.

These are only a few of the household names of at least two worlds, but enough to prove the standard of excellence the exhibition has set up for its inaugural. It may be a long time before the modesty of the Ontario Society of Artists permits them to emulate the example of their "American" cousins, but when they do let us hope they will pass through the ordeal with no less credit to themselves.

The sudden death of old Mrs. Gilbert, the grandmother of the stage of this continent, came as a great shock to the theater-going public, who only a few days ago attended her remarkable stage farewell in this city. The sentiments that hallowed this last appearance were, of course, quite apart from any consideration of dramatic art or of the stage achievements of this venerable lady during her long career. It was rather the tribute of an emotional public to the sweetness and general amiability, as well as to the purity of character of one of the old guard, a survivor, if you like, of theatrical stage coach days, before the art had been brought under the munificent care of the Trusts.

This final farewell was tender and touching in the extreme, the audience rising and shouting its "good-bys" amid waving handkerchiefs (and some that were not waving), while a more or less blurred vision disclosed the little figure, now dead, bowing, smiling and weeping, alternately, but enjoying a moment of happiness, nevertheless, such as is permitted to few lives in this world. The artistic height of the scene is well enough suggested in the little epilogue that closed the engagement:

"Dear friends in front, the curtain must not fall
Until a grateful woman says good-bye to all.
Just think of all the kindness that I've got of you;
I'd like to be the granny of the lot of you."

But the last final curtain has fallen, as it must on all life's acts, whether the part we play be comedy or tragedy, or merely commonplace.

The production, for the first time in English on a New York stage, of Sudermann's *Fires of St. John* (Johannis-



THE ONTARIO COMEDY-DRAMA.

The Righteous Hero: Ha! villain, die! (Plies wooden knife.) Take that, and that, and that.
Hon. G. W. (between sprints and gasps): Oh, stop, old man! Stop, for heaven's sake! You're tickling the life out of me!

feuer), was in itself an event of literary and dramatic interest, apart from the expectations aroused of Miss Nance O'Neil's performance therein. We had seen her in *Magda*, and in a truly poetic, if more or less uncultivated, rendering of *Hedda Gabler*. But there still remained evidences of histrionic powers and tragic possibilities beyond the peculiar scope of either of these characters, and the *Fires of St. John* provided just that character. The scene is in Eastern Prussia. Marie is the foster child of a blustering, good-natured, wealthy landowner, and his very sensible domestic wife. This worthy couple have one child of their own, a daughter, younger than Marie, and who at the time the play opens is about to be married to their nephew George. Preparations in which Marie plays a conspicuous part are well under way, and it is in the course of these preparations that Marie and George discover their long unrealized passion for one another. Marie has found a book of verses written by her lover four years ago, wherein the passion of his soul for Marie is laid bare. But the lover, discouraged, as he thought, though misunderstood as it afterwards proved, had long given up hope of Marie, and sullenly yielded to the plans of this overbearing uncle to marry his very ordinary, guileless little daughter, Gertrude.

Who Marie's father may be is not even supposed, but the mother from whom her foster parents rescued her as a babe is a drunken sot, with a five-year term already to her credit for stealing. The expiration of the woman's sentence is co-incidental with these other events, and the report of her re-appearance in the nearby village has brought consternation to the Brauer farm, where Marie has been kept in entire ignorance of her unhappy heredity. The truth, of course, comes out finally, and Marie, with all her filial instincts awakened and hungering for a touch of personal love, is determined to have an interview with this unfortunate mother. The result is a revulsion, a loathing, a sickening at heart, and, in her disappointment, a sense of increased destitution, that overpowers her and forces her with sobs and moans into the sheltering arms of the betrothed lover. Old desires awaken, old fires are rekindled, but each has a code of honor and a code of morality, and the situation for the time being is saved.

The following is St. John's Eve, which the village folk celebrate by lighting great fires on the hillsides. In the farm-house that looks across a broad stretch of hilly country, the Brauer family are sitting around the punch-bowl, and the famous toast to St. John's night is proposed by the lover, seconded by Marie, and drunk without any understanding by the family, under a sky already lurid with the hill fires. St. John's night—the one night of the year that is given to unrestrained joy; when the moral order of the universe is suspended; when the night is full of strange music



ON THE ROAD TO ZION: A PLEASANT HALT BY THE WAYSIDE.

An English caricature of Israel Zangwill, the celebrated Jewish author, dramatist and advocate of the founding of a Jewish colony in Africa.

and the wind hath an unquiet moan; when witches ride on broomsticks across the sky and the wine acts strange in the blood; when the veil of artificiality is lifted and nature slumbering in undiminished strength awakens and gives love back her own for one brief night.

To-morrow will see our two lovers, George and Marie, choosing their separate paths of sorrow, but to-night is still theirs, theirs by every decree of nature, by all St. John's poetic fire, and by every emotion of the soul worth the reckoning. To-morrow they will renounce the truth and perjure their hearts at human altars; but to-night, at least, the deeper truth of their being has away. "The moment eternal . . . when ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core," is clutched in all the mad abandon of joy. "For me the fires of St. John burned once and only once, that at least I may ever after say."

Magda, in addition to being a cultivated woman of the world, is highly complex in character, is thrown into a complicated situation and, altogether, calls for subtleties of delineation that belong to the higher refinements of the dramatic art. On the other hand, *Marie* is pre-eminently a study in the elemental passions, which Miss O'Neil has caught with unerring instinct, and her vivid characterization of the part was powerful beyond all question. Judged by any standard, it was a great performance, and did much to justify the admiration she has already excited in the tragic role. Perhaps she absorbs the part too completely, drinking too deeply of its melancholy and allowing her own heart to be wrung too violently by the woes of the unhappy "calamity child."

I have already spoken of the evident sincerity that characterizes Miss O'Neil's work. Fidelity is the only consideration, it seems, even though fidelity require a homespun gown and a beautiful face to be drawn with lines of agony or smeared with unlovely tears. Nothing is spared; even her wealth of lovely hair was reduced to the scantier supply which her creator gave to *Hedda Gabler*.

The great act in the *Fires of St. John* is, of course, the third act, following the toast, when the lovers, driven before a storm of relentless fate, commit themselves to the joys of the one mad night that remains to them. To-morrow will start them on their separate ways, George to the altar and Marie to wander the earth alone. It was here that Miss O'Neil rose to her great height, and the best proof of her art as well as her purity of conception is that with all its wild abandonment and perilous nearness to the elements of our being, there was no sacrifice of dignity nor one offending note.

The concluding act—for the play dares to go on after the curtain has fallen on the lovers' intoxication—is anti-climactic and positively "rotten." Church bells and frock coats and all the paraphernalia of artificial life are in full motion again. But a sop had to be thrown to convention, and renunciation seems to be the most attractive, as well as palliative, yet devised. The lovers renounce everything, and a loveless, therefore immoral, marriage closes the scene.

But every cloud has its silver lining, and the cloud of gloom that the "problem plays" have cast over our theatrical happiness has had a very silvery lining in the delightful comedies of Madame Rejane. Unfortunately they are over now, the noted French actress closing her New York engagement with last week's programme. We shall miss her as we miss the morning sunshine, for her comedy has that gladdening, native quality of early clean sunlight. Even the *Kam Kan* with Rejane is a thing of grace and perfectly infectious gaiety, that laughs us out of all prudery.

J. E. W.

The Boosted Canadian.

THE average Canadian is born a fool. With this statement of fact he will disagree. His disagreement will prove my contention.

Every bit of fame that Canadians have won so far rests on the universally accepted theory that the Canadian is mentally and physically the weakest specimen of the human race so far known to science. If the average Canadian were held in the same esteem as the inhabitant of any other country, if the same things were expected of him as are expected of others, his achievements would never be heard of. It is only by reason of the mean reputation of the Canadian generally that the few who rise to the same level attained by the fairly bright men of other countries are permitted to attract so much attention and to receive honors quite disproportionate to their actual merits.

When the whole world—including Canada—starts out with the presumption that the Canadian is an abnormally weak, puny and altogether incompetent person, a surprising shock is sure to be experienced whenever a native of our country, endowed with the average degree of intelligence, strength of skill, is seen to raise his head above his miserable surroundings. Just let us take a look at some of the men and women of average intelligence, strength or skill that this country has produced, and we will at once see the inestimable advantage that a reputation for incompetency affords.

Gilbert Parker—Sir Gilbert Parker—is perhaps the most conspicuous example of the kind of person I mean. Though some may disagree with me, I claim that Sir Gilbert is a gentleman endowed with mental equipment that will compare



"A conspiracy . . . to boost Mr. Parker to a pedestal."

favorably with the internal headgear of the average man of almost any land. He would make a pretty fair report on dry goods clerk, machinist or agent—if I may be permitted to steal an illuminating list from a phrenologist's chart—no matter where he had been born. Born in the United States, England, or indeed any part of the world but Canada, he would have been doomed to live a life unknown to fame, and to die "unwept, unmonored and unsung." But to look first upon the light of heaven in the bleak, inhospitable Canada, the home of idiots and physical weaklings, was his fortune—and consequently greatness was his fate. We raved over him when he wrote a book. "A Canadian writes a book!" was the cry. Foreigners could not believe the claim. They thought the volume in the expectation of finding either that Mr. Parker was not a Canadian or that the book was a howling piece of rot. In both their expectations they were disappointed. It was established that Mr. Parker was a Canadian and that the book was equal to the average first attempt by writers of other countries. As the occurrence of a man of average capacity in Canada was such a remarkable event, a conspiracy was at once entered into by the peoples of our own and other lands to boost Mr. Parker to a pedestal breast-high with that occupied by the best specimens of the genius of the world, honors were crowded upon him—and there he is to-day, occupying a false position that the sensitiveness of his fellow-countrymen may not be made to smart.

Besides Sir Gilbert Parker there are many others who have attracted a degree of attention that they could never have attracted had they been native to a more respected and discriminating state. There is Mr. W. A. Fraser. What has Mr. Fraser ever done that would justify entitle him to any degree of attention? He has written books! Though he is a Canadian, he has written books! True, most of them are bad, very bad, but they are the work of a citizen of a country where mediocrity is deemed to be as rare as is genius in more favored zones. Magazines have been known to publish



"Without having once been roped into an idiot asylum."

his stories—and the author himself has been seen dining with metropolitan editors. Oh, the advantages of being born in a land that produces wheat, not intellectual capacity! Mr. Fraser, it may be added, however, is ungrateful to his native place. He accuses us of not crowding upon him the full measure of the honors that his unique abilities deserve. This is scarcely fair. Had he not been born in Canada he would never have been heard of. Should not this satisfy him? Are not our plaudits sufficient? Must we needs crawl and knock our foreheads, too? But perhaps the complaint was not really meant. It may have been but another device to impress upon the people across our southern border that he stood on a height above us, from which by our inferiority he could not be dislodged and from which we were glad to receive such words as he chose to cast down upon us, even though they were of insult and undisguised contempt.

In the field of sport and athletics, as in the more or less intellectual field, the advantages of Canadian birth or citizenship are inestimable. If a Canadian wins a rowing event, a boxing bout, a shooting championship, or a game of any sort, the world stands still, gasps for a moment, then thunders its applause. If an Englishman, an Irishman, a Frenchman or even a Dane does anything requiring physical endurance or skill, the triumph is unnoted in the world. True, the immediate friends of the victor shower their congratulations thick upon him; but his country, his county, his city and his town take no official notice. Here such an event causes to shrink into insignificance a general election, a viceregal visit or an epoch-making conflagration. Triumphal processions, municipal banquets, illuminated addresses, wild, dissipated, uncontrolled demonstrations, the calling out of the regular forces and the militia, the enrolment of a supplementary body of police for an occasion extraordinary, mark the hero's imperious return. Nor is it only in our native land that Canadian physical prowess excites remark. When our people win, the whole world applauds. "A Canadian wins," they say; "how remarkable!" Did we not ac-



PARKDALE COLLEGIATE RUGBY TEAM, 1904. WINNERS OF THE CITY HIGH SCHOOL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Top row—Sparrow, wing; Parlow, wing; Gall, full-back; Corryell, wing; Bell, wing and half.
Second row—Ecclestone, quarter; Patterson, wing; Ferris, wing; Crews, snap; Griffith, wing; Hughes, wing.
Third row—White, wing; Clark, snap; Willard, wing; Vogan, half; Henderson, half; Carman, wing.
Sitting—L. E. Embree, M.A., president; L. McLaughlin, half (captain); H. J. Crawford, B.A., manager.

quaint the world with our own surprised delight, they would not think it unexpected. They would see nothing more remarkable in a Canadian's victory than in that of a native of any other land. For our sportsmen and athletes, then, the advantages of a general reputation for incompetency are obvious. That we have the reputation is also obvious. That we deserve it is, I think, fully established—else why are our cheers so abnormally loud when a Canadian succeeds?

If more proof were required to demonstrate our own weak-mindedness and general incapacity, it could be found in our boastful shouts when a Canadian commits a noteworthy crime. A week or so ago an alleged Canadian woman was said to have victimized a number of Yankee bankers by a clever system of fraud. Our watchful press, never willing that credit for brains—so long as we could claim it—should go to foreign lands, came out with headlines two feet long: "CLEVER CANADIAN WOMAN SWINDLES SHARP YANKEE BANKERS," and then came columns of description of her brilliant work and reams of cunning argument to show that the perpetrator of the frauds could, by no system of logic, be proved to be other than a Canadian born and bred. Her family history was traced, her sister interviewed, and at last—glorious triumph!—it was established beyond the shadow of a doubt—at least in the minds of the editors—that a woman, born in Canada, educated in Canada, a product of our own Canadian Public school system, was clever enough to swindle some bankers of the United States out of enormous sums of money! Now, if that woman had been born in any other country she could never have succeeded in commanding the same tremendous notoriety that she now commands. It is an event when it is demonstrated that a Canadian woman has sufficient mental capacity to swindle men whose business it is to protect themselves against all swindling schemes.

But we cannot attract these fits of charmed attention for things done equally well by natives of other countries and at the same time develop a reputation as a people of average mental and physical endowment. The price of our occasional world-wide notoriety is a national reputation for incompetency. Which shall we choose for the future? At present there can be no doubt which we have. But of the future—what? Shall we persist in our practice of praising to the skies any one of our people who does anything that has been done quite as well or better by men and women of other lands, or shall we adopt the practice of those other lands and let it be assumed that the Canadian is an average man who sometimes succeeds and sometimes fails, like other men—a man who expects no glory because he avoids failure and no excuses when he fails. If we choose the latter course we shall have the advantage of a reserve store of applause and cheers to put to use should a genius ever rise amongst us, though we should lose the pleasing sensation of hearing frequent outbursts of patronizing and encouraging approval whenever one of us manages to live to the good old age of threescore years and ten without having once been roped into an idiot asylum. The question is one of importance, but I fear the decision has been irrevocably given.

JAKES.



THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION.

Hon. A. G. Blair: Why, why this unsolicited attention? Cannot a plain man live and think no harm?

Champagne and Ginger Beer.

"WHY do men like Bunsford not marry?" asked the man in the big leather arm-chair quietly after the one spoken of swung into the hall and the porter helped his broad shoulders into his overcoat. "He is not much over forty. He has a marrying income. He likes women and children, and like every man that is not thoroughly bad, has a healthy desire for a home. Why is it?"

"Like the most of men," said one who had known his subject for half a lifetime, "Bunsford has drunk considerable of the champagne of life and—well—ginger beer is a poor substitute, no matter how it fizzes. In this strenuous age most men have tasted champagne. Those who find that there are good and healthful reasons for abandoning it as a lifelong beverage seldom devote themselves to the delights of ginger beer ever afterwards. Lemonade is the thirst-quenching beverage of the abstemious man who has lived—with enough sweetness to take away the natural tartness of the lemon without cloying the taste. The fizzing sweetness of ginger beer is merely a mockery of the champagne of other days."

"But to carry on your simile," was said, "there is any quantity of good lemonade in the world. Why confine oneself merely to life-preserving, tasteless water, the only pleasure in which is the satisfaction of a necessity?"

"Yes, there are any number of good women in the world, far more than there are good men, thank God," said the club philosopher. "But is the social civilization of the world keeping step with its financial and industrial progress so as to offer as a general thing, say, lemonade, instead of ginger beer? Men cannot be blamed for preferring champagne with all its headaches, to ginger beer. Good lemonade has always been in the world, and always will be. Through inventions, great fortunes, the liberty of the masses and the breaking down of old class distinctions, the social fabric has been disturbed. And we are living in the days of the disturbance and men like Bunsford do not marry. The chances are if he did his wife would attempt to nil his life full of ginger beer. And he has drunk champagne, and even a soda lemonade is merely a reminder of a better effervescent. And its after effects are depressing. Let me tell you something about Bunsford."

"He fell in love when a boy of fifteen with his eldest sister's music teacher, had an affair when a freshman with the daughter of a Queen street fruiterer who threw him over for a sturdy young butcher's apprentice whom she subsequently married, became deeply enamored of the black-eyed niece of the parish priest in Lower Canada where he was sent to get a good French pronunciation, and who was packed off in tears by her wise uncle, who didn't believe in mixed marriages. That was the ginger beer of life, and as a youth he enjoyed it. Then his moustache was big enough to twirl and he studied his profession in a cosmopolitan city where he met women of the world who had seen and read things, and he sipped a little of the champagne of life."

"But you know about him since. It is not an unusual life. Gay and reckless for years, a Bohemian to some extent yet, he wandered from city to town, from continent to continent, suffering hard knocks at times, but strong in health and clearness of brain sufficient to thoroughly enjoy the fervor of young manhood the champagne of life. It brought its headaches and heartaches, and as the pace grew faster and faster, as ever it will, there came to him a perception of the end of it all. He stopped. And not the smallest influence was the great animal desire for a home, undefined possibly, but still strong within him, for it is a pretty poor order of man that doesn't want a home."

"Now this brings us up to the present," continued Bunsford's friend. "You all know he is as steady as a church. You know he is making a good income, and you know would make an honest husband, and, we all know, would be happier if suitably married. Now, why doesn't he? It isn't hard for Bunsford to fall in love with all the seemingly warmth that the most exacting of women would require, and this is my theory."

"He believes, and, what is worse, the possible Mrs. Bunsfords themselves believe, that all they can offer a man in the prime of his manhood and strength is the ginger beer of life. He might yield to his heart's desire for a home and his love of a good woman, if he were not in dread in his social and financial position of the daily allowances of ginger beer that would have to be absorbed by him. It is selfish, perhaps, but he understands that his unhappiness could not forever be concealed. Imagine, if you can, Mrs. Bunsford's insistence on her husband's attendance at an evening's whist where his partner revoked every third hand. Why, Bunsford played poker for two years steadily two nights a week, and a mistake of judgment for a minute meant the loss of a week's salary. Conceive, if you can, Bunsford being dragged to church twice every Sunday to listen to some tuppenny curate who happens to be fashionable for the time being. Bunsford, who has listened reverently to the great preachers of the world avoid debatable questions which his wife's parson settles off-hand with an unctuous wave of the hand and a beautifully intoned voice! Bunsford would be looked upon with wifely horror as sceptical if he criticized."

"And lastly, for I'm preaching, I'm afraid," concluded Bunsford's friend, "consider the interest that Bunsford would take in the little gossip and scandal of the little social world that a man of his small means would be able to enter, its vexatious duties and the eternal striving to retain his position. Why, Bunsford has met brilliant men and beautiful women who sacrificed their souls' salvation with less fuss and comment than would be caused by the sitting-out of two dances or the pressure of a hand in a conservatory by a broker who could count and guess correctly, and an attorney's wife who could simmer. Yes, one of the many effects of champagne, taken at any time, is that it spoils your taste for ginger beer for ever afterwards. Some day the social world will know how much more palatable lemonade is, and then the Bunsfords will all get married. Ginger beer is a poor substitute for champagne."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Spare the Russians' Nerves.

[The English Consuls in Egypt have warned captains of British vessels in the Suez Canal not to allow anything to be thrown overboard from their ships while the Baltic fleet is passing through the canal.—Morning Paper.]

We was coming through the Suez.
Homeward from Singapore.
When a message came aboard the ship
From the bosses on the shore.
The Russian fleet is coming through
And have the right of way;
You mustn't drop a thing, they says,
From off the ship this day.
The Russian crews are scared to death,
Their nerves are very fine;
If a ripple's on the water
They'll take it for a mine.
So we was very careful
Not to drop a thing that day
And make no demonstration
That could set their minds astray
And only two things happened
To give them any fear—
The skipper dropped his h's,
And the bo'sun dropped a tear.

THE MATE.

On the Inside.

"And," said the beginner to the seasoned C. S. practitioner, "what am I to say when my patients recover? That their faith has made them whole?"

"Gracious, no!" replied the mentor. "Impress it on them that they were healed through your clear understanding of 'Science,' as revealed by our beloved teacher and leader, Mary Baker G. Eddy, in her text-book, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*."

"And if they die," queried the beginner, "must I confess to the world that the ailment for which I was treating them caused their death?"

"You are hopeless, I fear," sighed the old practitioner. "Certainly not. Tell their friends that the disease yielded to the repeated applications of Infinite Mind, as explained by our beloved leader and teacher, Mary Baker G. Eddy, in her text-book, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, but that the patient 'passed out' under a claim of Malicious Animal Magnetism."

I Spend the First Dollar

I will pay for your first bottle of Dr. Shoop's Restorative

There are no Conditions

Nothing to Deposit. Nothing to promise. The dollar bottle is free. Your Druggist, on my order, will hand you a full dollar's worth and send me the bill.

I shall spend \$100,000—half a million, perhaps—this season that you may learn how Dr. Shoop's Restorative strengthens the inside nerves—the nerves that control the vital organs. That you may know for yourself, after a fair, free test in your home, that this is something uncommon—something unusual in medicine. Not a narcotic or a deadening drug—but a strength-building, life-inspiring, tonic that gives lasting power to the very nerves that control the vital processes of life.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

If you lack vim, vigor, vitality; if you are beginning to wear out; if your nerve, your courage is waning; if careless habits have made you a wreck; if your heart, your liver, your stomach, your kidneys, misbehave; if the worries of business have left their scars on your good health; this private prescription of a physician of thirty years' standing will strengthen the ailing nerves—strengthen them harmlessly, safely, surely, till your trouble disappears.

Inside Nerves

Only one out of every 99 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down. It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

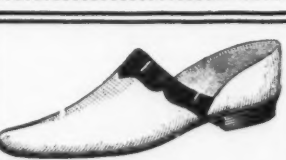
There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not cure the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause? But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not TRULY helpful? Would I do this if I were not straightforward in my every claim? Could I AFFORD to do it if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me.

But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar lay before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 on the Liver. Book 5 on the Stomach. Book 6 on Rheumatism. Book 7 on the Nerves. Book 8 on the Blood. Book 9 on the Skin. Book 10 on the Lungs. Book 11 on the Bladder. Book 12 on the Prostate. Book 13 on the Testes. Book 14 on the Ovaries. Book 15 on the Uterus. Book 16 on the Vagina. Book 17 on the Cervix. Book 18 on the Vagina. Book 19 on the Cervix. Book 20 on the Vagina. Book 21 on the Cervix. Book 22 on the Vagina. Book 23 on the Cervix. Book 24 on the Vagina. Book 25 on the Cervix. Book 26 on the Vagina. Book 27 on the Cervix. Book 28 on the Vagina. Book 29 on the Cervix. Book 30 on the Vagina. Book 31 on the Cervix. Book 32 on the Vagina. Book 33 on the Cervix. Book 34 on the Vagina. Book 35 on the Cervix. Book 36 on the Vagina. Book 37 on the Cervix. Book 38 on the Vagina. Book 39 on the Cervix. Book 40 on the Vagina. Book 41 on the Cervix. Book 42 on the Vagina. Book 43 on the Cervix. 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Society at the Capital.

THE gaieties of the week both began and ended with a ball, and on Monday night Mrs. T. Leopold Willson, a comparatively new hostess in Ottawa, gave a charming house dance at her handsome residence in Metcalfe street, and it was described by all who had the pleasure of participating in it as "simply



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OF BUYING A SUIT
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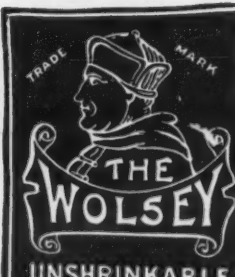
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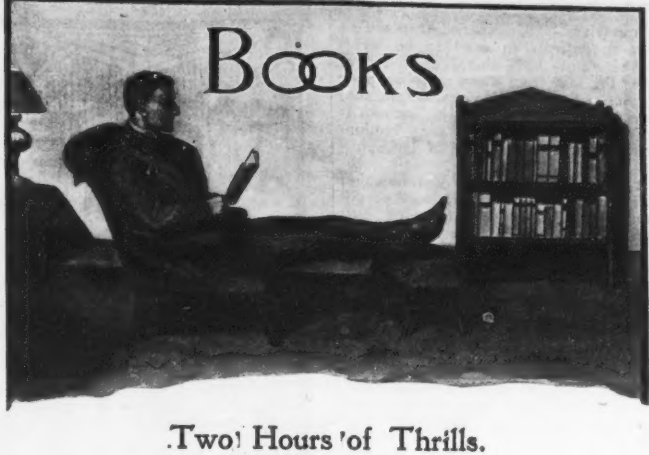
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Two Hours of Thrills.

BRISTLING with sensational situations, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," is *The Betrayal*, by Phillips Oppenheim.

Guy Ducaigne, the hero, is a struggling young Englishman, who wins the sympathy of every yearning reader on sight; and this is easily understood when it is learned that it is himself who relates the story. What's to prevent any man being a hero? Nothing. Let him only write his adventures—imaginary ones, of course.

In order to make a penny or two to keep away the wolf, Ducaigne arranged to give a lecture in the little village, on the subject of old landmarks, but unfortunately for the success of his undertaking, Colonel Ray, a V.C. hero, just returned from a bloody battlefield, announced that he would give a "talk" on the same evening.

A slim audience of four attended upon Ducaigne. It was a stormy night, and thus does he describe the going home to his cheerless cottage after:

"I shook my head and staggered on. Through it all I battled my way, soaked to the skin, yet finding a certain wild pleasure in the storm. By the time I had reached my little dwelling I was exhausted. My hair and clothes were in wild disorder, my boots were like pulp upon my feet. My remaining strength was spent in closing the door. The fire was out. The place struck cold. I staggered towards the easy chair." (How is it that the word "stagger" always carries with it a throb of pity? Mr. Oppenheim makes use of

its potency on numerous occasions), "but the floor seemed suddenly to heave beneath my feet." (He evidently won't confess the real trouble; but anyone with even a grain of observation could jump at a conclusion here.) "My limbs were giving way, a mist was before my eyes, and the roar of the sea seemed to be in my ears, even in my brain. My hands went out like a blind man's, and I suppose broke my fall. There was rest, at least, in the unconsciousness which came down like a black pall upon my senses." (Here a series of dots meaning, doubtless, "the rest can be better imagined than described," in the words of Shakespeare.)

It reads like a fairy story, for after that a "fine" gentleman and a "grand" lady come to him and bring him things to eat, and attend to his every want. And the "fine" gentleman—who proves to be his recent rival in lecturedom, Colonel Ray—uses his influence to secure for Ducaigne the position of secretary to the august Committee of National Defence.

The French were determined to learn the secrets concerning England's new scheme of fortifications, and accordingly offered the Duke of Rowchester, a member of the committee, fifty thousand pounds for the necessary information. The Duke proved traitor, suicided, and afterwards his friends excused him thus: "He was willing to betray his country to justify his own sense of personal honor." What this particular sense was, the story clearly indicates. (The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Nancy Stair."

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE is to be congratulated on the way she has treated such a complex character as her heroine in her latest romance, *Nancy Stair*. It is seldom that an author builds up a character so deliberately while avoiding tediousness—and Nancy is never tedious until the last page. Born of a half-crazy mother, who dies at her birth, Nancy is educated by her father, Lord Stair, and his great friend, Sandy Carmichael. Even at the early age of five her gift for poetry is defined, and bit by bit she absorbs strangely mannish views of life, and yet retains her womanliness. At one time she forges her father's name, and he tells his friend Sandy of it as follows:

"Nancy, I said, taking her on my knee, 'do you know that it is a crime to sign another person's name without his leave?'"

"How, crime?"

"Well, it's the thing people get locked in jail for."

"She laughed out loud and lay back on my arm at this."

"It's all mine, isn't it?" she asked.

"I had told her this so often that I couldn't gainsay it."

"Wrong to write Sandy's name, not wrong to write Jock's," she crooned, in a sort of song; and this was as far as I got with her concerning it."

And Sandy, replying, says:

"Her morals are all tail first, though very sound! But she'll have us in the poor farm and herself in jail if she keeps this up."

At the age of eighteen she meets Danvers Carmichael, one of the three great influences in her life, and then in turn the Duke of Borthwick and Bobbie Burns. In love with the first, as a woman loves a man; in love with the second, as a woman worships power; and in love with the third, as a woman adores genius, poor Nancy has a hard time of it. The *démocrate* is bound to appeal to everyone. One of the most charming features of her character is the love she bears for her father all through.

The whole book is one that could not but add to an author's reputation, for Miss Lane has succeeded in turning out a first-rate piece of fiction. (Toronto: The Poole Publishing Co.)

"The Loves of Miss Anne."

MR. CROCKETT had an eye to the sales of his new book when he entitled it *The Loves of Miss Anne*, for not only every boarding-school miss in the country, but all the grown women as well, are ever keen to read of the "loves" of people—and even men have been known to peruse such pages when nobody was looking.

Anne was the daughter of Sir Tempest Kilpatrick, owner of large estates in Scotland; and she indulged in the luxury of a lady companion, one Clementina McTaggart, daughter of Sir Tempest's head forester. Clementina relates the story, and thus describes Anne—Anne, with that drift of golden fleece, each hair distinct and separate, waving apart from all the others; those proud, smiling, slightly contemptuous lips; the clear, girlish, infinitely snortive eyes—blue they were even on that grey day.

Now this girl of the "golden fleece" began her love-affairs at a very tender age—fifteen—and of lovers she had some two or three dozen, though none so determined as Dan—the "herd" of the hills.

"Look at me!" cried Anne, at their first meeting, breaking his shyness as suddenly as a stone smashes a pane of glass. "Look at me, herd boy. Tell me, am I not worth looking at?" (space of time allowed for scrutiny indicated by asterisks), "after coming so far to look at you?"

Dan lifted his eyes and was struck dumb. The color suffused his homely countenance, "even to the flaming flanges of his ears."

"Dan Weir was a long growth of a boy, not yet filled out to his proper girth. He had overshot himself, as it were. His features were rough-hewn, as if the sculptor had been called away from his job. But he was big in the bone, and even at fifteen he gave promise of surprising strength."

So, given these two characters, the reader can easily see Mr. Crockett's opportunities for engaging romance, and he has made the most of them. The Copp, Clark Co. are the Canadian publishers.

"At the Moorings."

To read about nice people is always enjoyable, and Rosa N. Carey has given us many in her latest book, *At the Moorings*—nice people with nice thoughts and good, clean, unselfish views of life; such are her characters. They are idealized, certainly, and therefore not quite natural, but then the fault lies more in placing too many fine characters together, without a foil, than in any one individuality. The book has very little plot, the scene being laid in a sleepy English country town, which, by the way, is described particularly well. There are no really important characters in the story, all being about equal, with the possible exception of the two Lassiters, Edward and Sheila.

But nevertheless it is a love story, quite interesting enough to make one regret having to put the book down, and would suit particularly well those who enjoy giving way to their emotions while following some favorite character in his or her pursuit of the little winged boy. It is published in Toronto by the Copp, Clark Co.

Carlyle's housemaid has just died, and the fact has been duly chronicled, says Mr. W. L. Alden, together with the opinion of the departed housemaid that Carlyle was an easy man to live with, so long as he could have peace. We shall doubtless hear from time to time of the death of Carlyle's bootblack, and of his milkman and his newspaper

boy, and they will all tell us their impressions of his character. It is a pity, declare Mr. Alden, that before the lamented housemaid departed this life her views as to the merits of *Sartor Resartus* and the *History of the French Revolution* could not have been secured. They would have been almost as valuable as her estimate of Carlyle's domestic character.



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Doubt.

"Here's an ignoramus," said the assistant, "who writes to ask when the Christian era began."

"Humph!" said the answers-to-correspondents editor, "I think we're a long way from it yet."

The stenographer has her late train: the office-boy his late grandmother.

"Has the admiral," asked the Russian commander-in-chief, "has the admiral inspected the fleet recently?" "No," replied the secretary; "the admiral has been unable to review the fleet. His diving-suit has been mislaid."

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Anecdotal.

John B. Gough, the famous advocate of temperance, went to Great Britain in compliance with numerous demands from press and public. When he appeared at Oxford the college students undertook to hiss him off the stage, so determined were they that temperance should not be preached there. After enduring their hisses and cat-calls for about ten minutes, he started them all by saying: "I can whip every one of you, one at a time." This statement was cheered, and then the young men began calling one of their chums to go up on the stage. Soon Gough saw a young giant coming toward him. As soon as he was in the center of the stage Gough shouted: "This is to be an intellectual battle, and not a physical one. Go on with your speech." This suited the college men, and they began calling on their big fellow for a speech. He responded by quoting the Epistle to Timothy, in which Paul recommends "a little wine for thy stomach's sake;" and from this he deduced an argument in favor of the use of wine. When he had finished, Gough faced the audience and said: "This is not an argument, but a farce. Here is a young English giant, weighing almost two hundred pounds, who has never been sick in his life, who eats five pounds of meat every day, and who can knock down a bullock with a blow of his fist, standing here and talking about the need of wine for his stomach's sake. You'll have to send me another man." The boys cheered Gough, and then yelled for another man—this time a senior and their ablest debater. He went to the platform and called attention to the fact that Jesus turned water into wine and advocated the use of it. He delivered a speech which met with the approval of his fellow collegians, and they cheered him repeatedly. When he had finished, Gough said: "This is just the kind of argument that I came here to deliver, and was delivering when you interrupted me. You may drink all the wine you can hold, provided it is made out of water, as that wine was." Cheer after cheer greeted Gough, and he was permitted to go on with his lecture. He said afterward that they gave him greater applause than he had ever received from an audience of young men.

A colored Virginia preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Bred-dern an' sistern, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example de chilren of Israel acrossin' de Red Sea. Der was Moses on de brink of de sea, and right bein' him was de army of Pharaoh. An' all at once, bred-dern, de sea froze over es solid es a rock, an' de chilren and Moses walked across." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to college, and whose orthodox had been slightly warped. One of them arose, and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause de geographies tell us that water don't freeze at de equator." The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, scornfully, "I jest knowed one of you young niggers was gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when de Red Sea froze der warn't no geography, and der warn't no equator."

John Drew, the actor, tells of a wealthy bachelor who was recently married. One evening this gentleman and his bride decided to attend the theater, and the old and faithful coachman was given his instructions. When the couple alighted from their carriage they found themselves in front of a gayly illuminated entrance, the sides covered with lurid pictures, suggesting the place as the home of popular and extreme burlesque. There were no ladies in the throng, but men were pushing and jostling to gain access to the ticket-

office. The frightened coachman stepped down from his seat, and as the mortified bride re-entered her carriage he whispered to his angry master: "I'm very sorry. 'Tis hard to break a habit."

Recently, while Chauncey Depew was at one of his clubs, some one showed him a newspaper cutting on a bulletin-board. This revealed a picture of the oldest statue known, a recent find, possibly the effigy of the Babylonian monarch, King Da-Udu, or David. In the cutting was a suggestion that the funny-looking personage, who may have been an ancient after-dinner orator, bore a striking resemblance to Chauncey M. Depew. New York's junior senator studied the thing closely for details, and laughed uproariously. Then his companion indicated a smaller clipping pasted just below. He adjusted his glasses, and read:

"In the days of old Rameses, Are you on?
These stories had paresis, Are you on?"

Someone asked President Jordan of Stanford University, why it is that the two leading educational institutions of California have granted so few doctor of philosophy degrees—only twenty-five in seven years. Dr. Jordan reflected for a moment, and then said: "By wider introduction of the 'trading-stamp' principle in higher education the number of degrees could be increased, but with no gains to science and art."

During the funeral of an unpopular man in a New England village, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied, "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied!"

A correspondent sends SATURDAY NIGHT the following anecdote: Shortly before the noon hour a few days ago, while at my post in the teller's cage of a branch office of one of the Canadian banks, a Chinaman, Sam Ling by name, whose fortune of some four or five hundred dollars was in our keeping, entered the bank and approached my desk. I noticed his face had an extremely anxious expression upon it, and I began to search in my mind as to whether I had paid my last laundry bill. "Well, Sam," I said, "what's the matter?" He shoved his book in to me before he answered, then, in an anxious voice, "Wantee money—altee money." He apparently expected to be refused, for when I handed him his money with the accumulated interest he heaved a sigh of relief. Taking it over to a desk, he began to count it. Carefully each bill was scrutinized, each coin examined and weighed. From one side of the desk to the other the pile moved back and forth, each time undergoing the same careful examination. For half an hour the counting went on, and then, evidently satisfied that all was right, and with a contented grin overspreading his face, he came back to my wicket and pushed the money, in a confused mass, back to me. "What's the matter, Sam?" I said. "Isn't it all right—not enough?" "Allee right," said he; "puttee back again."

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

WHEN one powders one's hair and puts on patches and "touches up" discreetly and walks through a stately minuet, one is apt to lose track of chronology and imagine oneself the Lady Betty and Dame Dorothy one apes. It has happened that the charm of quaint attire has so transformed an ordinary-looking man or woman that in it they have gained or welcomed a love that has not before been known to them. Something of that sort of masquerade envelopes my brain as I write, for I, too, have been this week in Arcadia, have sat peacefully and well provided with fragrant tea and twice more fragrant memories, chatting with dear old dames, of long-ago events and scenes and people, until I don't seem to know just where I am at, and rather incline to the belief that I may be my own grandmother. We have walked in the ways of fifty years ago, and there have been unfoldings of cherished pictures, and yellow, faded letters, and a faint whiff of sandalwood, and a conning, through strong spectacles, of intimate and irresistible diaries, before which Pepys might hang his diminished head, for what was Pepys, however much of a gossip, but a mere man, after all? What records of fun and frolic, of distress and dismay, of sorrow and death, of triumph and of disaster, are in those most sacred of diaries, written in fine Italian hand, and dimmed by years of careful hoarding! And the letters, folded and wafered, because envelopes were scarce and novel, and the little trifles of work and small scented scraps of cardboard, the emery bags and the delicate ivory and mother-of-pearl silkwinders, all the dainty debris of half a century ago, of Old World sentiment, which have lain on my lap and been turned over with reverent fingers, reverent, perhaps mainly, by reason of the fragile little persons, the slim old waivered persons, the jolly, rotund and sympathetic persons whose property these things are. It has been a beautiful and memorable experience, one not to be lightly valued, and it came to me by reason of a certain task laid upon me, of recalling in a bit of writing the social life of our city in the year of gaiety 1854, of which you will probably see and hear later on.

One of the very old little ladies was thoughtful and sad as she gave me her blue-veined tiny hand in greeting. "Do you make time to read the newspapers," she said, "and did you read about the West?" (No need to say, "What West?" for I know her wild, rugged birthplace, where the rocks and the sea strive together.) "Twas in forty-nine I left it," she quavered on, "and the memory of the misery I left behind will never fade." "But 'twill not be like that ever again," I said with hopeful belief

in ourselves. "Ah, dearie! they are so shy, so patient, so used to be overlooked. God help them, and hunger takes the soul from them, my poor, poor people." So you know that one old lady of fourscore and ten in Toronto is suffering to-day with the famine-stricken poor in the West of Ireland.

It may have saved a well-meaning scribbler from some erratic word or action, that she went by good luck into "Little Germany" on Thursday last, because one cannot at the same time fancy herself a dame of '54 in a Paisley shawl and skyscraper poke-bonnet, and a Gretchen in wooden shoes, peasant bodice and nobby little German cap. In *Kleines Deutschland* were many queer and quaint things which were shown and described by a sprightly person of eighty or so, while another young thing of seventy-five spun yarn on the funniest wee wheel, and both of them smiled and bobbed curtseys and bowed deep bows in the most delightful manner. We bought a tiny Xmas tree eighteen inches high in *Deutschland*, for the baby is going to have his first Christmas this month, and his first short frock on Christmas morning, and we are now keeping a sharp look-out for the tiniest gifts invented to hang on the wee spruce. Foolishness, you remark? *Ach, nein!* The blessed foolishness that keeps the heart in tune this time of year, and makes one less of a cynic and more of a saint. Little Germany resounded with songs of the *Vaterland*; the words that were tossed heavy with jollity here and there were not English words. The people who were not German politely made room for *der Herr and die Dame* as they strolled around the booths. And there was a German supper, *Wiener Wurst and Kartoffel Salat and Schwarzbrot* and fine coffee and all sorts of dangerous *Jeckesessen*. *Ya wohl*, it was great, and I dreamed of mad dogs after!

A man has been convicted of writing anonymous letters intended to defame the character of a woman, and has been sent to the Kingston penitentiary by a judge who lost no time over a just verdict. No one can compute, because no one can find out, the amount of misery and harm wrought by such misadventures, even when a perverted sense of duty urges their composition. They sometimes—very rarely—do good, in the case of being sent from a tactful and wise person as a note of warning to imprudent or reckless friends. But there is a shrinking in the high-toned mind from anonymous letter-writing, which means more in condemnation than one can afford to overlook. In my experience as a semi-public identity I have had the pleasure of receiving just two evidences of the vulgar silliness of would-be funny folk, of the no-name series. Neither did either my feelings or my conceit any harm, and relaxed my risibles very pleasantly. Naturally when one receives three or four *noms de plume* at the end of as many letters in the line of one's work every day, the shock of unsigned correspondence, even of a personal sort, is not great. But the really hurtful and intentionally wounding anonymous letter is too frequent an occurrence, even in these days of broad-minded and altruistic sentiment, and it has no doubt given many an exasperated and smarting victim a subtle satisfaction to ponder on the sentence of that one convict, even though his abject state of viciousness may waken their higher sympathies. "My brother's hurt is also my distress" is a principle which needs some living up to before the world and society are rid of the lowest type of coward, the anonymous letter-writer.

In looking over many old-time pictures and portraits this week, and contrasting them with photos and paintings of to-day, I have been struck most of all with the difference in the expression, especially of the eyes. It is not to the advantage of the modern picture, either. There is a calmness and a gentle thoughtfulness or an artless vivacity in these counterfeit presentations of our grandparents which cannot have been altogether the work of the artist, and there is a certain hardness and coldness in the photos of to-day which I cannot quite understand. My Lady Didain did not apparently thrive so plentifully in the old time; the saddest of all ladies is she when her disdain is introspective, giving that strained weariness of cast to the lines and that coldness to the eyes which grows upon one as one gazes at some of to-day's pictures. They of the old school may have smoldered overmuch; they of the new school, when they horizontally relax their countenances, show their teeth like a vaudeville actress doing a coon dance. Between this frank hilarity and a certain icy limpness there is an expression which I've searched for almost in vain. It seems to me worth cultivating if you and I want to become that prettiest and most precious thing on earth, a pleasant-looking old lady or gentleman. To some of those Old World portraits one feels one must almost smile responsively, and to the pensive ones one feels that impulse of going gently and softly which rules the approach to the cradle of a sleeping infant—an atmosphere of peace and tenderness radiates from both.

LADY GAY.

In the Grand River Valley—Canada.

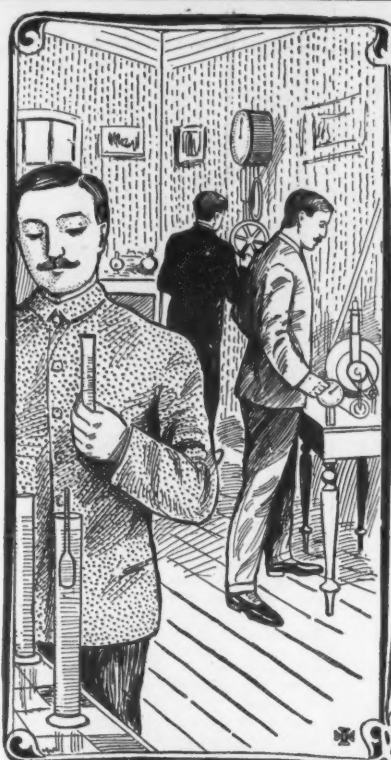
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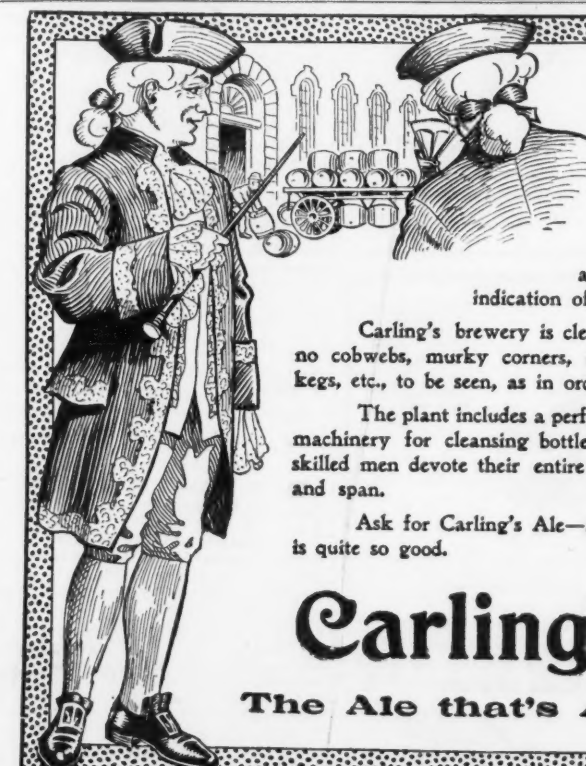
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MUSIC

ELLIE MELBA, the Australian prima donna, who as a light soprano has at present no one to rival her in beauty and flexibility of voice, returned to Massey Hall on Monday evening with her concert company. An immense audience greeted her, and testified to their enjoyment of the concert by encircling everything from beginning to end of the program.

Mme. Melba was suffering from a cold, but her control and management of her voice was so perfect that few among the audience were aware of the fact, the only falling off in her singing plainly apparent being a slight restraint and a diminution of the transparency of her tones. Her selections were not of the intellectual or dramatic order. Her first number, Handel's *Sweet Bird*, with its flute obbligato, however pleasing to the masses, is simply a florid display piece, and Ardit's *Valse*, *Se Saran Rose*, is a mere vehicle for showing off vocal execution. Mme. Melba, making the reservations already mentioned, sang the Handel number with wondrous skill. Her grace ornamentation, trills, appoggiaturas and scales could have challenged comparison in intonation and precision with those of an artist instrumentalist, with the added charm that they were more beautiful in tone. There was only one shake to which exception could be found, and that it was not perfectly flexible or defined must simply be attributed to the sore throat of the singer. The natural beauty of the singer's voice, revealed without any ornamentation to distract attention from it, was heard to the best advantage in her duet with M. Gilbert in the song by Bemberg, *Un Ange est Venu*. Mme. Melba has not the "grand voice," but in this number it was a physical delight simply to listen to her exquisite subdued tones. As she sang during the evening she gave a charming song by Hue with a flute obbligato written in Eastern tonality, in almost the same scale that Verdi has used in one of his choruses in *Aida*, and *Coming Through the Rye*, which was enthusiastically received by the audience. Her associate artists were Mr. Ellison van Hoose, the accomplished lyric tenor; M. Gilbert, the French baritone, who sings with combined polish and fervor, and Signorina Sassoli, the exceptionally talented harpist, all of whom won pronounced triumphs. At the opening of the concert the unusual combination of harp, piano and flute was heard in a trio by Mozart, a delightfully disingenuous and transparent composition. Mr. North, the flutist, again proved himself to be an artistic executant.

Mr. Klingensfeld's musical entertainment, entitled *Richard Wagner in Nutschell*, will be given in Association Hall on the 12th instant, instead of at St. George's Hall, as originally announced.

The sale of seats for the *Messiah* concert in Massey Hall on the 15th will open on Monday at the box office of the hall.

The second of the Gourlay, Winter & Leeming *soirées musicales* at the King Edward Hotel last week was a great social and musical success, the banquet hall being crowded by a fashionable gathering composed mainly of the fair sex. A tasteful and interesting programme was supplied by Mr. Tripp, pianist; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Mrs. M. Hess Robinson, contralto; and Miss Eva J. Luttrell, accompanist. Mr. Tripp's selections included Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in G sharp minor, the first movement of Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata; Chopin's *Etude* in C major and *Nocturne* in G flat; Paderewski's *Melody* in G flat; the Paganini-Schumann *Caprice* in E, and the Liszt *Rhapsody* No. 6. All these numbers were played with polished technique and musicianly skill. The Beethoven and Liszt compositions were brilliant exhibitions of bravura. Mr. Robinson sang with much expression and smoothness of finish and phrasing Verdi's *Celeste Aida*. He has gained both in beauty of voice and interpretative power since he left Canada to take up his residence in New York. Mrs. Robinson's principal number was Goring-Thomas's beautiful song, *My Heart is Weary*, which she rendered with engaging charm of style and with sympathetic voice. Other vocal numbers on the programme were by Wilbey, Wright, Brahms, Strauss, Chadwick and Schultz, thus offering variety in a scheme of general distinction.

Mr. W. J. McNally has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of Central Methodist Church. Rumor has it that there will be many other resignations among the church organists of the city before the New Year is well established.

Mrs. Charles E. Birmingham of New York gave an invitation recital on Friday evening of last week at St. Margaret's College before an appreciative and large audience. Mrs. Birmingham, who was formerly Miss Lillie Kraft of Hamilton, has a lovely voice within a limited compass, full and sympathetic and of genuine contralto quality. Her best and most effective number was the *Threnody* by Holmès, which revealed the beauty of the best part of her voice to advantage.

The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company gave a *matinée musicale* in their recital hall on Saturday afternoon last. Numbers of music-lovers were unable to obtain admission, so great was the demand for seats. The event of the function was the appearance of Mr. August Wilhelm, baritone, son of the famous violin soloist, Mr. Wilhelm, who captured an enthusiastically favorable verdict with his first song, Lott's *Par Dieu*. He has a fine baritone of lyric character, interprets with musicianly ability, and sings with rare suavity and sustained quality of tone.

He subsequently gave Schubert's *Aufenthalt* and numbers by Strauss and Wilhelm. The pianist was Miss Lora Newman, a brilliant executant, and accomplished as a player in many other respects, particularly in regard to touch and tone production. Mendelssohn's *Prelude and Fugue* in E minor and Nicolas Rubinstein's *bravura Valse* were her most effective pieces. Mrs. Russell Duncan sang attractively Tosti's *Serenata*, with cello obligato by Mr. Paul Hahn. This she rendered with much taste and refinement. In her second number, Rode's *Air* with variations, there was a slight hitch. Other numbers by her consisted of a group by Nevin. Mr. Hahn contributed a cello solo with his accustomed excellence of tone and expression. Mrs. Blight made, as usual, a most efficient accompanist.

The advanced pupils in organ playing of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a most creditable and interesting recital Thursday evening of last week at the Conservatory of Music. Mr. R. M. Chase, organist of the Northern Congregational Church, contributed numbers from Bach and Jollins, while Miss Edith Dufosse, A.T.C.M., rendered Mendelssohn's difficult *First Sonata* in excellent style. Miss Freda Johnson gave much pleasure by her performance of Boellman's *Suite Gothique*, and Miss Cook's brilliant playing of the *Lohengrin* bridal march showed her to be a well-trained executant of much promise in the future. Pupils of Dr. Ham, Mr. R. S. Figott, Mr. Rechab Tandy and Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson gave valuable assistance, reflecting great credit on their instructors. The full programme was as follows: Bach, *Prelude and Fugue*, C minor, Mr. R. M. Chase; Boellman, *Suite Gothique*, Miss Freda Johnson; Sullivan (vocal), *Oh That Thou Hadst Hearkened*, Miss Norah Lazier; Mendelssohn, *First Sonata*, Miss E. R. Dufosse, A.T.C.M.; St. Paul, *Andante*, Mr. D. M. Chase; Godard (violin), *Adagio Pathétique*, Miss M. Connor; Wagner, *Introduction to Third Act*, and bridal music (*Lohengrin*), Miss Margaret E. Cook; Wilbey (vocal), *A Fairy Love Song*, Miss E. Gertrude Lowry; Lemare, *Caprice Orientale*, and Renaud de Vilbac, *Marche Triomphale*, Miss Dufosse.

An interesting piano recital took place at the College of Music on Sunday afternoon. The following pupils took part: Rica McLean, Robert Love, Constance Dingle, Lillian Thompson, Evelyn and Annie Thompson, Edith Marshall, Myrtle Nelson, Loyola Thomson, Vera Waugh, Marguerite Waddell, Edna Thompson, Ethel Heakes, Beatrice Spencer, Dorothy McMahon, George Graham, Edna Sanderson and George Boyce.

The merits of the Myers Music Method were ably demonstrated by Mrs. Adelyn V. Paradis in an interesting programme given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Friday evening of last week. A short explanatory talk by Miss Edith Myers helped the audience to a better understanding of the aims and objects of the system, and in the demonstration which followed by Mrs. Paradis and her pupils it was made clear that the various games and devices were successfully used in teaching notation, time signatures, scales, chords, intervals, etc. The children displayed an interest and delight in their work which was gratifying, and the various piano solos which were given as a practical application of the system showed an intelligent comprehension of the compositions. The system is evidently an admirable one for children, and Mrs. Paradis proved herself to be a capable exponent of it.

On Monday evening, December 12, the choir of Parkdale Methodist Church will give its annual concert, and has secured Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts as reader, who will give some of her latest selections. The choir, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jory, will sing *Bells of St. Michael's Tower*, *Scots Wha Hae*, an arrangement of Massani's *Rock-a-bye* for ladies' voices. Altogether a programme is arranged that should attract a large audience.

At the Temple Assembly Hall, where the Ladies' Aid Society of the Holy Blossom congregation held their sale of work, three musical programmes were given by the advanced pupils of Mr. S. H. Burnett. Their beautiful tone productions and expressive delivery bore testimony to the careful and conscientious training they are receiving from their instructor. Miss Rody Block gave a recitation in one of the programmes which took well. A piano solo was also given by Mr. Ernest Saunders. Mr. Tom George proved himself a capable and delightful accompanist.

In the recent death of Mr. John F. Race a well-known figure in Toronto's musical circles has passed away. Mr. Race had been accountant for the Messrs. Nordheimer for many years and was a man of sterling integrity, fidelity and high character. The typical English figure and its frank and honest mannerisms were distinguishing characteristics of the personality of John Frost Race. Mr. Race had been formerly in the employment of the Midland Railway in England, and in Toronto was closely associated with the various local musical organizations, having been secretary of the National Chorus, a member of the Festival Orchestra and the Highlanders' band. He was also a member of the Sons of England and the Harmony Lodge of Toronto. As a special mark of esteem Mr. Slatter, bandmaster, and the members of the Highlanders' band paraded at the funeral last Saturday, playing Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* and Handel's *Dead March from Saul*, a large number of prominent citizens being in attendance. Mr. Race was apparently in good health during August, but upon leaving for his holidays he was suddenly seized with serious illness, which rapidly developed into Bright's disease, ending in death in a few weeks.

One of W. O. Forsyth's latest compositions for the piano has been forth the following review, which appeared in the current number of "The Bookeller and Stationer": "By the Sea" reminiscence for piano, by W. O. Forsyth. It is always a pleasure

to comment favorably upon the work of Canadian musicians. Mr. Forsyth, however, has brought distinction to the realm of musical art in Canada, and in his sketch "By the Sea" has given the world something that undoubtedly deserves a place among standard compositions for the piano. His treatment of the principal theme is musicianly; at the same time his aim has not been to introduce a maximum of brilliant technical difficulty. "By the Sea" should have a place in the library of all piano students."

Organists and church choir leaders will welcome the publication, by Novello, Ewer & Co., of a new edition of Dvorak's splendid *Sabat Mater*, with English words by Mr. F. J. W. Crowe, organist of Chichester Cathedral, who says in the preface: "This English version of Dvorak's *Sabat Mater* brings the beauties of the work within the reach of those who, for various reasons, prefer not to use the original Latin. The adaptation avoids the use of any passages of a controversial nature, thus making it available for use in any English place of worship; and, while preserving as far as possible the original rhythm, no pains have been spared in making this English version both vocal and practical."

Miss Emma J. Pentecost, a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, has been appointed contralto soloist in Broadway Tabernacle.

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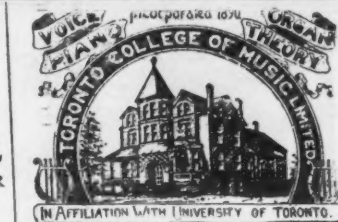
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SOCIETY

Last Saturday afternoon a most pleasant tea was given by Mrs. Edward Jones assisted by Mrs. Winn, at their home in Church street. The guests included, the Misses Edwards and the Misses Gamble. The tea-table was the Misses Mortimer Clark, Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. LeMesurier, Mrs. and Miss Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Marjorie Macray, Mrs. and Miss Alice Fuller, Mrs. Gwyn Francis and Miss Langmuir. The pretty tea-table was lighted by pink-shaded candles in silver candlesticks and decorated with pink roses.

Mrs. Warrington is paying a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Parkyn Murray, 116 Crescent road, since her return from Chicago.

Circulars from the secretary of the Skating Club gathered interested skaters at McConkey's yesterday afternoon at five, for an annual meeting, which occurred too late for particulars this week.

Mrs. Lally McCarthy and Miss Waldie are two Torontonians visiting friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. W. Kerr has been paying an extended visit in Toronto and Cobourg, having had a great many friends waiting to welcome her on her arrival from British Columbia last month. Mr. Kerr is expected to-morrow, and they will return west shortly.

Mrs. G. W. Allan gave an afternoon tea on Friday at her residence, 107 Homewood avenue, at which a number of old friends enjoyed a pleasant hour. The alterations made in the house have transformed it from a commonplace dwelling into a most artistic and charming home, which looked beautiful with lights and flowers when the guests assembled about five o'clock. Mrs. Allan was happy in her choice of assistants in the tea-room, Mrs. Bingham Allen, the Misses Cassels and Boulton and Miss Wragge being kind and attentive. A few of the guests were Lady Thompson, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Laidlaw, Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Auden, Mrs. John Boulton, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. Wragge and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale.

Mrs. Rolland Hills's euche parties are always great successes, and Tuesday's was no exception. The arrangements were so good even to the smallest detail that it is no idle compliment to say they set an example in such matters. The numerous tally cards each had a capital original drawing, and the prizes were valuable and handsome. After the game supper was served at the card-tables, and was, as always, tempting and dainty.

Miss Laura Snowball has been for the past fortnight the guest of Mrs. Turner Wilson, 71 Huntley street.

Mrs. Ernest Franklin Arnold (née Davidson) received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Arnold was crowned in a dainty dress of white silk colienne over blue taffeta. She was assisted in the reception of her guests by her mother and sister. The tea-room was prettily decorated with red carnations, hyacinths, smilax and red-shaded lights. The tea-table was presided over by Mrs. A. D. Fisher and Mrs. George E. Boulton, who were assisted by Miss Goldsmith, Miss E. Bell, M.A., Miss Dobie, Miss Laidlaw and Miss Hazel Kinsman.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. E. Culverhouse of the Culverhouse Optical Company, Limited, has been elected an honorary member of the British Optical Association. This is a very high honor to receive.

An attractive sale will be held by Messrs. C. M. Henderson & Co. at their art gallery, 87-89 King street east, of oil and water-color paintings, by Harlow White, Fowler, O'Brien, Millard, etc., on Monday afternoon, 19th December. Catalogues ready on the 12th. Entire collection on view 16th and 17th.

Christmas Exhibition of Water-Colors

G. Bruenech, A.R.C.A., has on exhibition at No. 47 King street west (first door west of Hooper's drug store), a collection of his water-colors, which will remain on view until the end of December. In this collection are a number of small sketches, at very moderate prices, suitable for Christmas presents.

Xmas Shopping for Smokers.

There has just been received by M. Vardon, 73 Yonge street, an exceptionally fine line of Havana cigars, put up in boxes of 10 and 25, for the Christmas trade. In this up-to-date cigar store will also be found a full line of Bock, Henry Clay, La Vencedora, La Carolina, La Antiguidad, Marías, La Africana and Manuel Garcia cigars; also B.B.B. and G.B.D. pipes.

Residence for Sale

We offer one of the most desirable homes in the city at a great sacrifice. Rare chance to secure large house and grounds very cheap.

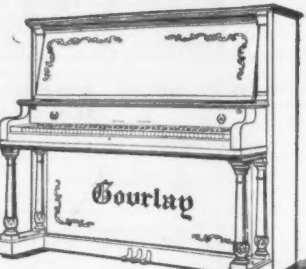
The J. F. McLaughlin Co., Limited.
22 Victoria Street

"High priced—
but worth its price."



"High priced—
but worth its price."

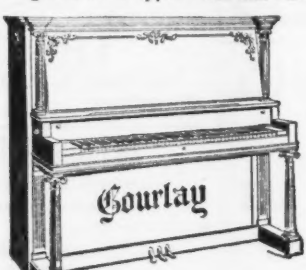
The Gourlay Piano



STYLE 5—GOURLAY.

Gourlay Pianos
Are Built in Our Own
Factory. . . .

under the personal supervision of our own manufacturing partner. We carry each piano through every process of manufacture, from the selection of the lumber for air drying in the yard and for subsequent drying in the kiln, until in process of time the piano stands before you a finished instrument, bearing not only our firm name cast in the plate and the "Gourlay" name and trade mark on the nameboard, but bearing also the distinctive marks of our thought, individuality and pianistic genius in the originality, richness and approximate perfection of its musical scale, as well as in the solidity of its construction, symmetry of its design, beauty of its touch and tone, and elegance of its appearance and finish.



STYLE 37—GOURLAY

HAMILTON—
66 King Street West.

Is the Culmination of
Piano Excellence. . . .

In its manufacture we have begun where others left off. In it we have achieved something better than that hitherto acknowledged as the best. Our intimate experience with and knowledge of the world's best pianos has aided us not a little.



This Trade Mark
appears on
EVERY
GOURLAY
PIANO

and indicates that in every detail of construction, as well as in durability and perfection of mechanical and tonal qualities, the piano in question is an exponent of the highest obtainable excellence in the art of piano-building, and as such is endorsed and guaranteed by us.

If there is no agent in your district, you can BUY DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY. We ship on approval to any point in Canada, and will pay the return freight if the Piano is not entirely satisfactory.

OUR NEW PAYMENT PLAN

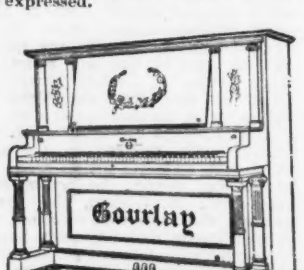
Offers ten practical methods of payment.
One is sure to suit you. Write for particulars.



STYLE 15 GOURLAY.

Gourlay Pianos
Are not merely First-Class;
they are something Better.

There are pianos, first-class in material and workmanship, whose construction and design, inside and out, present no improvement over what they contained years ago. We offer something more—we offer improved and improved pianos, embodying not only first-class materials and workmanship, but also that certain fine quality of excellence which results from their being constructed in an atmosphere of progress, a touch better than mere first-class. For these reasons our pianos are today more desirable, a better bargain, than other first-class makes. This is strong language, and we mean it. We have chosen our words carefully while making them positive and emphatic, and we desire that our pianos be tried by the standard we have here expressed.



STYLE 7—GOURLAY

TORONTO—
188 Yonge Street.



Kentia Palm

Xmas Decorations

Holly, Mistletoe, Bouquet Green, etc.

Nothing nicer for an Xmas present than a nice palm. We have them from \$1 up to \$5 each—bargains.

Holly—With nice green leaves and plenty of red berries, by mail postpaid, per lb. 25c.; 5 lbs. for \$1.00.

Mistletoe—Best English, in boxes, 30c. and 50c., postpaid.

Bouquet Green Wreathing—25 yards for \$1.00; 50 yards for \$1.90; by express at purchaser's expense.

Pampas Plumes—In assorted colors, 4 for 50c.

Tissue-Paper Wreathing—In all colors, \$3.00 per 100 yards.

Colored Banners—10 ft. long, in words Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, 75c. each.

Christmas Trees

Nice, bushy ones, at all prices, to suit everyone.

Rubber plants, Sword ferns, Azaleas, etc., etc.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Phone Main 1982

130-132 KING STREET EAST

Jy Chas. M. Henderson & Co.

87-89 King St. East
Christmas Auction Sale
Grand combination

Auction Sale
—OF—
Over \$40,000 worth of
Diamonds

Sapphires, Emeralds, Rubies and Pearls, in Rings, Bracelets, Pendants, Caskets, etc., a large and valuable collection of best quality of Electro Plate, comprising Tea Services, Entree Dishes, Centerpieces, Cream and Sugar Sets, Liquor Frames, together with a large consignment of Jewelry, Watches, etc.

A Valuable Collection of Oil Paintings by the following celebrated artists: Reeves, Fletcher, Rennie, Stone, Herkimer, Armfield, Lewis, Edgar, Robins, Vickers and others.

ON
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY
The 20th, 21st and 22nd December

At our Rooms,
Nos. 87-89 King Street East

under instructions from Charles Lawrence & Co., Birmingham, and S. Abrahams & Co. of London, England. The above sale offers an unusual opportunity to procure high-class goods suitable for Christmas presents.

Sale at 11 o'clock and 2.30.
CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.,
Auctioneers.

Exchange and Mart

CHARGE—Thirty words or less, 25 cents. Every additional word, 1 cent. For minor matters, such as the acquiring or disposal of postage stamp or coin collections, which may be briefly worded, a charge of 10 cents for ten words will be made.

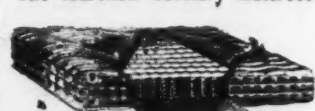
PRIVATE NUMBER—When subscribers do not wish their addresses published they may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed under cover to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free. Or, if desired, we will endeavor to effect the transaction without introducing the negotiating parties to each other.

FURS repaired and remodelled by widow. "Business 24B," SATURDAY NIGHT.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper for respectable gentleman, where one or more servants are kept; have no objection to assist with light work; capable, with best references. "Business 11B," SATURDAY NIGHT.

GOLD DOLLARS—For sale, 6 small gold dollars, perfect specimens, \$1.50 each; 5 large gold dollars, good specimens, \$1.50 each; 1 octagon gold dollar (California), date 1874, perfect specimen, \$5. "Business 7B," SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress



If you want to give a comfortable, healthy Xmas Present, that will be in use one-third of the time

Phone Main 4533
and we will send a man to measure the bed for a Marshall Mattress that you can return if not satisfactory.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

261 King Street West.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Baird—Dec. 3, Toronto, Mrs. H. N. Baird, Jr., a daughter.
Drummond—Dec. 7, Toronto, Rev. William Drummond, a daughter.
Hire—Dec. 3, Toronto, Mrs. T. Foster Hire, a daughter.
Kilpatrick—Dec. 6, Toronto, Mrs. R. J. Kilpatrick, a daughter.
Uscher—Dec. 4, Toronto, Mrs. J. F. H. Uscher, a son.

Marriages

Garbutt—Watson—Dec. 6, Brampton, Florence Lillian Watson to Victor L. Garbutt, M.D.
Reid—Currie—Oct. 5, Toronto, Barbara Currie to Francis James Reid.
Ruse—Wood—Dec. 7, Toronto, Frances Trow Wood to Joseph Ruse.
Woodruff—Goring—Nov. 30, Homer, Florence Mabel Goring to Robert Henry Woodruff.

Deaths

Anderson—Dec. 6, Toronto, Margaret Louise Anderson, aged 7 years.
Caven—Dec. 1, Toronto, Rev. William Caven, D.D., LL.D., aged 73 years.
English—Dec. 3, Toronto, John English, aged 72 years.
Foy—Dec. 6, Toronto, John Foy, aged 59 years.
Goldie—Dec. 7, Guelph, John Goldie, aged 64 years.
Hall—Dec. 7, Toronto, Ann Hall, aged 85 years.
Jackson—Dec. 2, Toronto, Margaret Jackson.
Marshall—Dec. 4, Toronto, Harriette Isabel Marshall.
Smith—Dec. 6, Toronto, J. E. Berkeley Smith, aged 72 years.

ESTABLISHED 1860. DANIEL STONE

The Leading Undertaker
M. 931. 285 Yonge Street

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)

The Leading Undertaker
355 Yonge Street Phone M. 679.

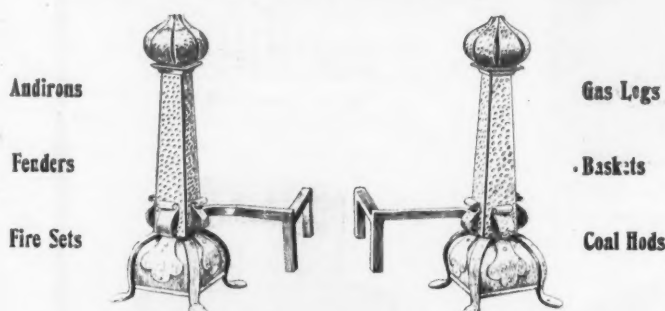
W. H. STONE

Undertaker
343 YONGE STREET, Phone Main 902

1012

To be opened Monday, December 19. You are invited to visit our new Showroom in connection with our Workshop, 1012 Yonge street, where we will have on display hand-constructed furniture that we intend selling at a very low figure, in order to properly introduce our Showroom and place our furniture in as many good homes as possible.

Most Acceptable Holiday Gifts



The O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.
97 Yonge Street, Toronto



We make an endless variety to suit any space in your house
Decorative Grilles

Hurndall Novelty Furniture Co., Limited
Hayter & Teraulay Sts., Toronto

Four Great Novels

The Abbess of Vlaye

A Tale of the Time of Henry IV. of France.

By Stanley J. Weyman.

Cloth, \$1.50

The Brethren

A Romance of the Crusades.

By H. Rider Haggard.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50.

The Coming of the King

A Story of England in the Days of Charles I.

By Joseph Hocking.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.25.

Sir Roger's Heir

A Romance

By F. Frankfort Moore.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50.

For sale by all Bookstores, or sent post paid on receipt of price by

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO.



Consider This

Most people consider only one point when buying Hair Goods—that's price. It is really quality that should decide the choice of a

Switch, Bangs, Pompadour, Wave, Wig or Toupee

You will find quality, style and superior constructions in all our creations in hair.
Write for our Catalogue "S"

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited.
103 and 105 Yonge St.

MRS. CASSIDY'S
EXHIBITION AND SALE
—OF—
China Decorated
With Mineral Designs.
December 15th to 20th
65 Harvard Ave., Parkdale, TORONTO
Phone Parkdale 303.



The Corset Specialty Co.
113 Yonge St. Toronto.
1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corset and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporter attached.
Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and relining of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

XMAS 1904...

SEE OUR VERY SELECT
LINE OF
PERFUMES
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS

Please leave your order for
HUYLER'S CANDY
for Christmas as early as possible
to insure delivery on Dec. 24th.

HUDNUT'S PREPARATIONS

W. H. LEE
King Edward Drug Store
OPEN ALL NIGHT



SOCIETY

The various Christmas sales are on this and next week, and their managers are vying with one another to make them attractive and financially profitable. So far they have met with decided success. The Christmas sale in St. Thomas's schoolhouse was one of the smartest, under the direction of Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. H. Patterson, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Mrs. Medland, Mrs. Durie, Mrs. William Rae, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Neville Parker, Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. Glazebrooke and Misses Durie and Burrows. High tea was excellently served and decorations from "Old Japan" were lavishly used. In the Temple building the ladies of the Jewish Guild held a sale, at which, as usual, the work was splendid and the arrangements beautiful. There is no such embroidery and sumptuous work generally elsewhere as at the Jewish ladies' sale. Mrs. Frazer, Mrs. Levitus, Mrs. Myer, Mrs. S. Samuel, Mrs. Goldstein, Mrs. Jacob, Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Kaher, Mrs. Loser, Mrs. King, Mrs. C. Miller, Mrs. T. Miller, Mrs. E. Saunders and Mrs. B. Laurence were in charge of the stalls. Mrs. H. Davis, the president of the Local Council of Jewish Women, had a table, and Mrs. Frank Benjamin was, as ever, the fairy godmother of the whole affair before its commencement, never sparing work or help to ensure the success it so happily attained.

Miss Beatrice Bray, 58 Winchester street, has sent out cards for a dance at McConkey's on December 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maughan have returned from their trip in the Eastern Provinces, and have taken apartments at 240 College street, where Mrs. Maughan (née Ross of St. Catharines) will receive every Tuesday after New Year's.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will give a dance about the second week in January at the King Edward. The date is not yet settled, but whenever the gallant Argos are hosts then will society be gathered together. Further particulars will be given as soon as possible.

The great success, artistically and financially, of the *poudre* ball last winter will surely be duplicated, if not exceeded, this season. The event takes place shortly after New Year, and will be held in the King Edward. No more elegant surroundings could be imagined for this sweet affair of powder and patches than the tapestried corridor, where the guests promenade between the dances. Last season the *bal poudre* was a dream of beauty, and visitors from New York and England said they would never forget the sight of young Toronto in her quaint costume of the sixteenth century. It is well worth while nowadays to garb oneself in rich and courtly gown and adopt a modish *coiffure* to match, which could not be said of the time when the *poudre* was held in the quaint old Pavilion.

Mr. George Bruenech has a Christmas exhibition of water colors on at 47 King street west, particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.

Two marriages in England next month, in which Toronto society takes a good deal of interest, are that of Mr. Jack Osler of Craigleigh and Miss Sim on January 4, and that of Dr. Squire Sprigge and Miss Ethel Jones on January 20.

Mrs. Frank Benjamin received the sad news by cable of the death of her father this week in London, England, which will keep her in seclusion for the season, and also deprived her friends of the encouragement and inspiration of her bright presence at the charitable doings on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas are settled in their handsome new home, 138 Madison avenue, next to Mr. Fraser Macdonald's residence. Mrs. Douglas (née Coldham) will receive in January.

Miss Lou Miller of 556 Church street has returned from a visit of six weeks to Buffalo and St. Catharines.

The cost of electric lighting in a large city must necessarily be greater than in a small town, on account of the greater cost of distribution, etc., but it is safe to say that a house can be lighted with electric light more cheaply in Toronto than in any city of similar size in America.

The citizens of Toronto are coming more and more to realize the truth of this, and every available wireman in the city is in consequence kept busy installing wires for electric lighting purposes.

The United Arts and Crafts beg to announce that on account of their rapidly increasing business they will open a studio or showroom in connection with their workshops, 1012 Yonge street. Many of their clients have expressed their desire to visit the workshops and see the craftsmen at work constructing handmade furniture; they have therefore arranged to make this a very interesting center. In future there will be a variety of furniture showing the best specimens of their productions. They will, in order to make it interesting and in order to further introduce their furniture, mark it at an astonishingly low figure. You are invited to visit and buy direct from the maker; besides getting exclusive designs, they really in many cases cost less than stock specimens. Showroom opens Monday, December 19.

Messrs. Charles M. Henderson & Co., under instructions from Charles Lawrence & Co., Birmingham, and S. Abrahams & Co., of London, England, have been instructed to sell on the 20th, 21st and 22nd of December \$10,000 worth of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, in rings, bracelets, etc., at their warehouses, 87 and 89 King street east.

W. A. Murray & Co. LIMITED

Sumptuous Furs for Christmas



We have half a hundred or so magnificent individual pieces of costly furs,—which up to the present, we've not had anything to say about because we wanted to bring them forward—just at the time you'd be looking for something exclusive and real handsome for Christmas. We've told you that they're costly pieces of furs, but perhaps we'd better qualify this by saying costly when purchased in the usual way, for we're in a position to let you have these beautiful furs at prices that represent the value of less expensive grades.

HUDSON BAY and RUSSIAN SABLES

Handsome Russian Sable set, pretty 8th ave. scarf, with lovely 3-stripe, barrel-shape muff to match. Trimmed with paws and heads. Regular value, \$200.00; special for the set, \$135.00

Magnificent, full-furred, natural Hudson Bay Sable stole, 74 inches long, trimmed with sable tails. Value for \$100.00. Special \$70.00

Dark, natural Hudson Bay Sable stole, 104 inches long, satin lined, 2 stripes wide, trimmed with tails, paws and heads. \$125.00

Natural Hudson Bay Sable stole, with collar, 110 inches long, satin lined, trimmed with paws, tails and chenille ties. \$150.00

Natural Hudson Bay Sable muff, "Empire" shape, 4 stripes wide, trimmed with paws and tails. \$65.00

Extra large banded Hudson Bay Sable muff, "Empire" shape, 5 stripes. \$55.00

HANDSOME MINK and STONE MARTEN

Large stole, in natural Mink, with deep cape effect over shoulders; storm collar, 110 inches long, trimmed with tails, fancy cord ornaments. \$125.00

Very dark natural Mink, flat stole, 108 inches long, satin lined, 2-stripe mink, tour-in-hat tie at neck, mink-tail trimming. \$75.00

Large Stone Marten Muff, trimmed with tails. \$30.00

Natural Dark Stone Marten flat stole, 90 inches long, trimmed heads, tails and paws. \$60.00

Natural Mink "Empire" Muff, 5 stripes, mink-tail trimming. \$35 and \$30

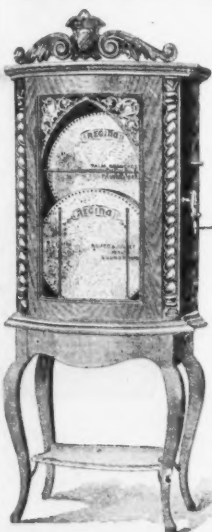
Natural Mink Muff, round shape, 3 stripes, trimmed with tails. \$30.00 and \$35.00

Blended Mink Muff, round shape, 3 stripes. \$20.00

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited. 17 to 31 King St. East, 10 to 20 Colborne St. Toronto. Limited. Victoria Street, Colborne St.

The Regina

Music-Box



Mechanically it is faultless

Musically the highest achievement of its kind

In appearance an ornament anywhere

Inspection invited



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The Regina

is an ideal companion; it is compact—a valuable quality where space is limited. Its repertoire includes everything from sacred music to two steps, waltzes, etc., and is kept abreast of the latest music of the day.

takes the place of a piano where there is none, or where there is no one to play. It is susceptible of infinite variations of programme.

INDESTRUCTIBLE STEEL TUNE SHEETS, costing the same as sheet-music.

Thousands of Tunes to select from

Their superiority in tone mechanism and every other detail over all other Music-Boxes can be instantly demonstrated by anyone who will make the comparison.

A magnificent present for any occasion
Fully guaranteed and sold on easy payments.

Whaley, Royce & Co. Limited
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S

India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.



Havana Cigars



You'll need a good supply of cigars for the holiday season, or possibly you may wish a box or two as gifts to gentlemen friends.

We have lately received several shipments of high grade Havana cigars direct from Cuba, and are selling well-known staple brands at the following low prices—

Bock & Co., Regalia Marica, size 25 in box \$2.50
Bock & Co., Regalia Marica, size 50 in box \$4.75
Bock & Co., Esmeralda, 25 in box \$3.00
Bock & Co., Esmeralda, 50 in box \$5.50
Bock & Co., Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
Bock & Co., Panatella, 50 in box \$6.00
Bock & Co., Perfecto Elegante, size 25 in box \$5.50
"La Carolina," Favoritos, 25 in box \$4.25
"La Carolina," Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
"La Carolina," Perfecto Especial, size 25 in box \$4.25
"Henry Clay," Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
High Life, Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
"Diaz Garcia," Concha Especial, size 50 in box \$4.50
"La Rosa Aromatica," Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
Nuevo Mundo, Concha Especial, size 25 in box \$2.50
Nuevo Mundo, Concha Especial, size 50 in box \$4.50
Nuevo Mundo, Puritanos Finos, size 50 in box \$6.00
We carry in stock nearly all well-known Havana brands.
Special quotations for large quantities.
Before buying Havana Cigars, go direct to

A. Clubb & Sons

DIRECT IMPORTERS
Only address: 49 King St. W.
Just east of Bay Street

..PRINCESS..

FOR WEEK ENDS MONDAY, DEC. 12 regular Mat. Wed & Sat.

The Distinguished English Actor

MR. KYRLE

BELLEW

and his splendid original company
including E. M. HOLLAND.

IN THE ODD, ARTISTIC AND EXCITING
DRAMAS

"RAFFLES"

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

Only drama in N.Y. 200 nights last year.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

Evgs Best Seats 75-50-25 Mats Best Seats 75-50-25

Return of Toronto's Favorite the Great

LEWIS MORRISON

(HIMSELF)
as "MEPHISTO"

In an entire new production of

"FAUST"

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinee Daily, 25-10-5 WEEK DEC. 12 Evenings 25-10-5

The Dramatic Event of the Season

Miss Annie Irish

Presenting "An Actress's Christmas."

The Three Keatons
Joe, Myra and Buster.

Drawes
Comedy Juggler.

Flo Adler
The Charming Songstress.

The World's Trio
A Novelty Act.

Wilton Bros.
Comedy Bar Performers.

The Kinetograph
All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

Hughes Musical Trio

A Splendid Comedy Musical Act.

An attractive exhibition of water-

colors by Mr. G. Bruenech, A.R.C.A.,

now on view at No. 47 King street

west, offers an opportunity of securing

some small sketches at reasonable

prices.



FITTED BAGS
For Men and Women,
Containing everything necessary for the
toilet when traveling.
Prices from \$14.00 up to \$85.00.



FLASKS.
One of our strong specialties. We are
the only firm in Canada finishing our
own flasks. Prices 35c. up to \$5.00.



WRITING SETS
at \$5.00.
Writing Folios, from \$1.00 up to \$15.00.
Blotters, from \$1.50 up to \$2.00.



DOROTHY BAGS
in fine suede, from 75c. up to \$3.00.



SUIT CASES,
with fittings, from \$8.00 to \$40.00.



TRAVELING BAGS.
We make a specialty of natural grain
leather in our bags. If you want
new styles, buy ours.
Prices, \$4.00 up to \$20.00.



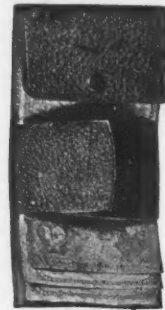
CIGAR CASES.
Telescope style, from 50c. to \$3.00.
Frame style, from 75c. up to \$6.00.
Magazine Cases, from \$5.00 to \$8.00.

*If it is impossible to see
our immense stock, write
for our beautiful*

...Catalogue S...

*The illustrations are so per-
fect that it is equal to a
personal visit to our store.*

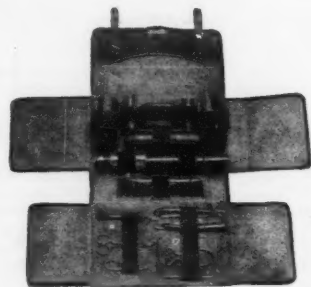
WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES IN ONTARIO.



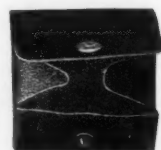
BILL FOLDS.
Prices from 35c. up to \$2.00.



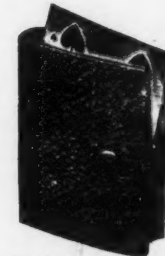
SEA LION TRAVELING BAGS.
This is the richest leather tanned, and
we make it in bags in all our new pat-
terns. \$10.00 to \$25.00.



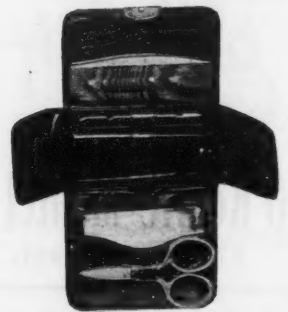
DRESSING CASES.
An endless variety of fifty different
kinds.
Prices from \$2.00 up to \$35.00.



COIN PURSES.
We make every conceivable kind.
Prices from 25c. up to \$1.50.



PLAYING CARDS
in Leather Cases, 50c. up to \$2.00.



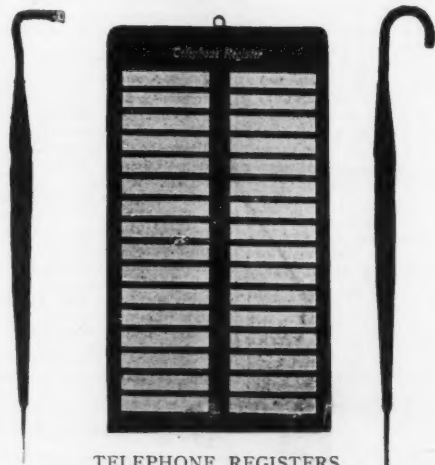
POCKET TOILET CASES.
Prices from 25c. up to \$2.00.



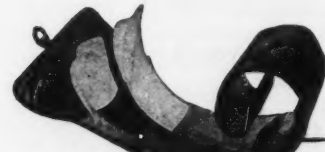
TOBACCO POUCHES.
From 50c. up to \$2.00.



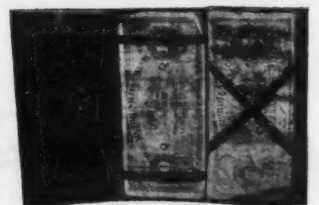
STICK-PIN CASES.
For small articles of jewelry when
traveling. \$1.00 up to \$2.00.



TELEPHONE REGISTERS.
Prices, 50c. and \$1.00.



COLLAR AND CUFF CASES.
in round, flat and roll-up.
Prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00.



BILL BOOKS,
from 50c. up to \$6.00.



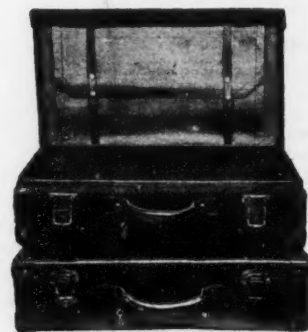
SAFETY INK BOTTLES
in all the latest novelties, 25c. to 50c.
Covered with all kinds of fine leathers.
25c. up to \$3.00.



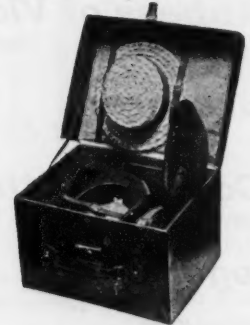
JEWEL CASES.
Something that every woman nowa-
days needs for all the small and large
articles that are used.
Prices, \$2.00 up to \$15.00.



HAND BAGS,
in all the new leathers and color with
fittings. Prices from \$1 up to \$30.



SUIT CASES.
Every Case, from our lowest price to
the best, is finished perfectly.
Prices from \$4.50 up to \$25.00.

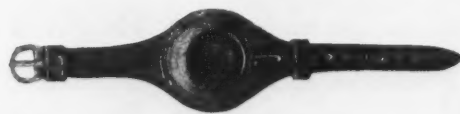


HAT BOXES,
in round and square, \$3.50 up to \$12.00.



TRAY PURSES.
The best selling Coin Purse for a man,
50c. up to \$1.50.

*When you make
a gift in leather
those made by
Julian Sale are
most appreci-
ated.*



**Leather
WATCH WRISTLETS.**
We carry the only stock in Canada
that is complete in sizes and leathers.
50c. up to \$1.50.

*If you want
small remem-
brances, buy
them made of
leather.*

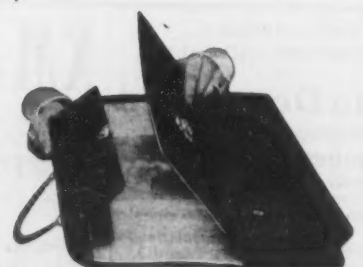


**SHAVING MUGS AND
SHAVING SETS.**
Prices from 25c. up to \$15.00.



POCKET-BOOKS.
We have sold more pocket-books this
year than for the last two years. It
shows they are again being used ex-
tensively. Prices, 50c. up to \$10.00.

THE JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
CARS STOP AT DOOR



MUSIC HOLDERS,
in all this year's new patterns,
\$1.00 to \$7.00.